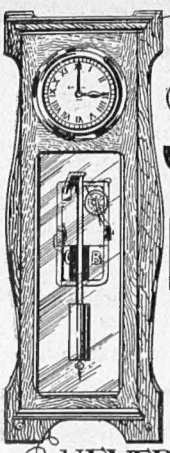

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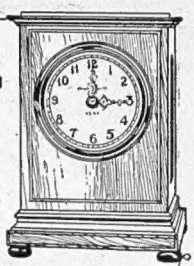

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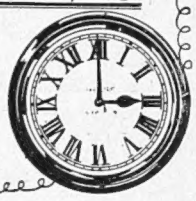

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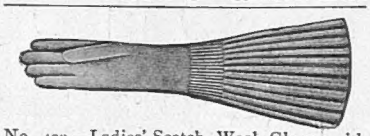

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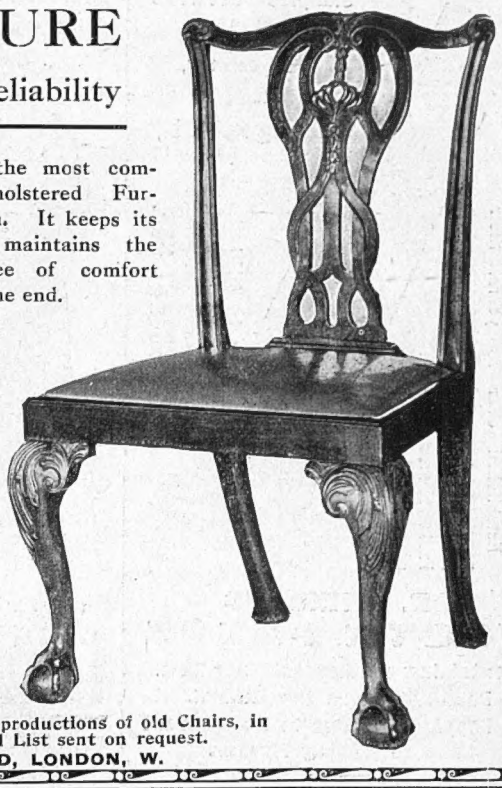

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The Bystander, November 23, 1910

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The BYSTANDER

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 364.—Vol. XXVIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, November 23, 1910 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

QUEEN ELIZABETH OF THE BELGIANS WITH HER THREE CHILDREN

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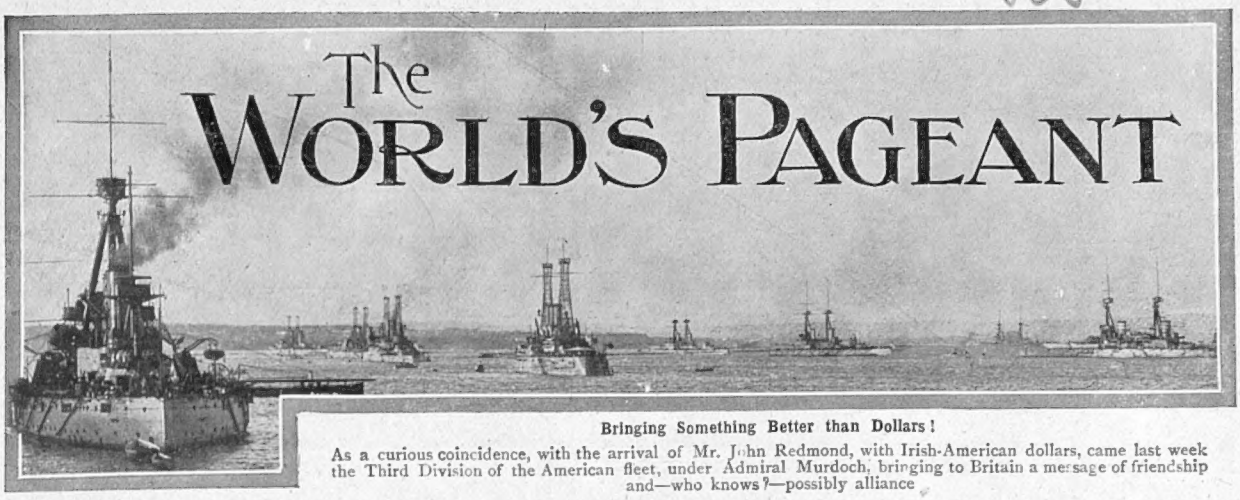
The World's Pageant



Bringing Something Better than Dollars!

As a curious coincidence, with the arrival of Mr. John Redmond, with Irish-American dollars, came last week the Third Division of the American fleet, under Admiral Murdoch, bringing to Britain a message of friendship and—who knows?—possibly alliance

The Royal Sense of Duty

IT was typical of King George, that hurried visit to Town during the political crisis last week to meet his Ministers and save them trouble. And the project to visit India emanates direct from His Majesty, who discussed the question at great length with Lord Hardinge before the new Viceroy started. A sense of duty is, indeed a paramount characteristic of both the King and the Queen, and invariably comes before their own naturally home-loving tastes. So seriously, by the way, does King George take the world and its waggings, that he never, it is said, even reads his *Times* of a morning without a note-book at his side in which to jot down comments and queries.

The King's Friend

There is really quite a romantic friendship between the King and Lord Mount Stephen, whom their Majesties hope to visit at Brocket Hall next month. The King has the greatest regard for the hardy old peer, who has arrived at his high estate from the very bottom rung of the steep social ladder, and Brocket is one of the few houses in which their Majesties are intimates. Lord Mount Stephen, who is over eighty, is one of the richest, as well as one of the most generous, men in the world, and his charities are generally on the thousand, sometimes, as in the case of the King's Hospital Fund, on the million scale.

A Radical Christmas

Here's a pother and commotion. I do believe the nasty Government mean to spoil the Christmas parties—not to speak of the various county and hunt balls that will soon begin. The young folk were so looking forward to a real frisky time up to Christmas, and now comes the Dissolution, causing people to run away to the country and forsake the so-called joys of London—just as things were going to brighten up a little.

Prince Christian Chatting with the Daughters of Sir R. Wilmot in the Paddock at the Hawthorn Hill Steeplechases on Monday last

Pheasants or Votes?

The shadow of the elections has already had a depressing effect on the shooting parties of the past few days. I hear of one that took place last week that was entirely spoiled. Eighteen guns were expected, and lo, and behold, when the day came only eight appeared on the scene. The others had gone canvassing.

Dances That Might Have Been

I hear, too, of more than one hostess who had got her invitations for a dance printed and ready to send out when the return of the Dictator and the rumours of Dissolution caused the invitation cards to be put away in drawers, where they are likely to remain until this tyranny be over. I warrant there will not now be any entertainment of importance in London this side of Christmas.

Trade and the Election

No wonder the London tradespeople are up in arms and tearing their hair at the thought of their Christmas season being spoiled. They have not had a good time for months past, and they know full well what a General Election means to them. People say, "Oh, I can't afford anything now, I have so many electioneering expenses facing me," and those people who want an excuse for being stingy will, somehow or other, make the elections an excuse for closing their purse-strings. That this will harm the Radicals is not, however, to be hoped. The grumblers in question are, likely enough, Tories to a man. But if any of them are plural voters, they will probably vote plurally if it snows.

The True Modern Christmas Spirit

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ROBERT ROSS on THE LITERARY CHRISTMAS.

THE USUAL WEEKLY FEATURES, including

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THE UNGENEROUS ELECTION

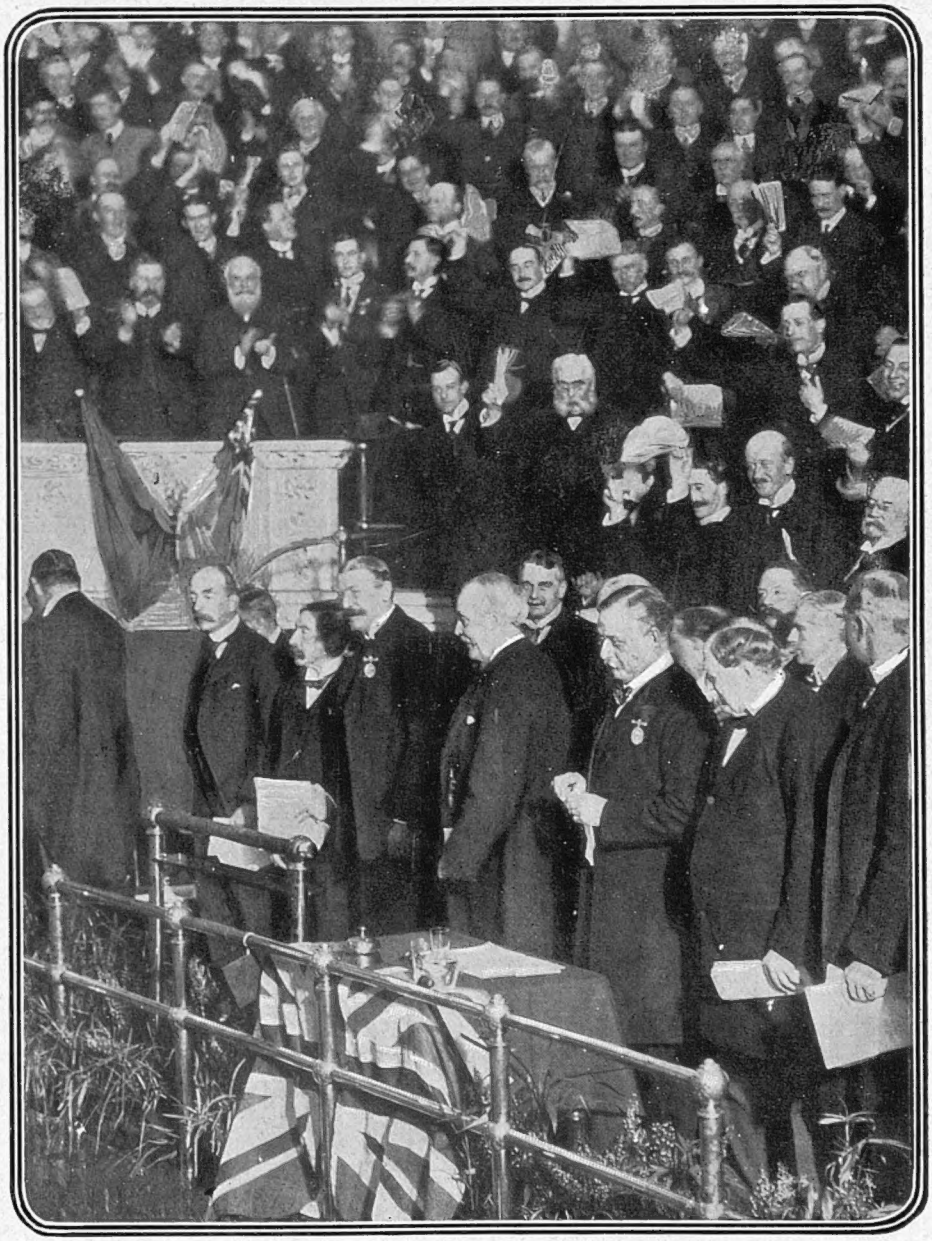
A NOTE ON THE PROSPECTS

THE Ungenerous Election! That is what it will be thought by the average man. Ungenerous it is to trade to thrust it into the whirl of party politics for the second time in ten months. A tragedy ruined the summer season, a farce is to ruin the winter one. On political grounds pure and simple, too, it is the Ungenerous Election. The people are asked to condemn the House of Lords unheard. The vilest criminal is allowed his defence, but not the Second Estate of the realm. "You are to be hanged," says the Government. "Why?" asks the Lords. "Because a private meeting of respectable gentlemen find it impossible to decide on any other way of dealing with you." "But perhaps we may suggest some way ourselves?" "That would be a waste of time. Now, then, Mr. Hangman!"

Will the British public stand this outrageous treatment of the House whose ancestors secured Magna Charta, and which cannot even now, hereditary as it is, be accused of one single act which has been wrong? It delayed the Reform Bill until it knew the people wanted it. Also, the Lloyd George Budget. It killed Bills—the Home Rule and Licensing Bills—because it knew, and is proved to have been right, that the country did *not* want them. Who sheds a solitary tear over the Bills the Lords rejected? Not even the Radicals themselves. Most of them are devoutly thankful that those measures never became law.

At the moment of writing, the Lords have it in their power, if they like, to play the Government at their own game, and to checkmate them. By passing the second reading of the Veto Bill, and introducing the "reform" amendments, it will be possible to offer the country the alternative scheme. A Cabinet which goes to the country clamouring for half a loaf when its opponents have offered them a whole one will cut a ludicrous figure indeed!

As to the Election chances, there is a deal of apathy to work against on both sides. Many thousands of Liberals will agree with the definition "Ungenerous Election." They will hold that, if the Lords were to be "vetoed," the Government was strong enough with its existing majority. To go to the country again looks like sharp practice, and arouses suspicion. The abstinence of such Liberals from voting should enable Unionists, who seem to have been really electrified by Mr. Balfour's high-toned and most statesmanlike speech at Nottingham, to capture a number of the seats they let slip last January, particularly in London. If Mr. Bonar Law captures the Exchange Division of Manchester, many Lancashire seats will follow, while Lord Lansdowne's speech in Glasgow on Friday should do much to arouse Scotland.



Sir A. Acland Hood Mr. Balfour Mr. Chaplin

The First Great Speech of the Campaign: Welcoming the Conservative Leader at Nottingham

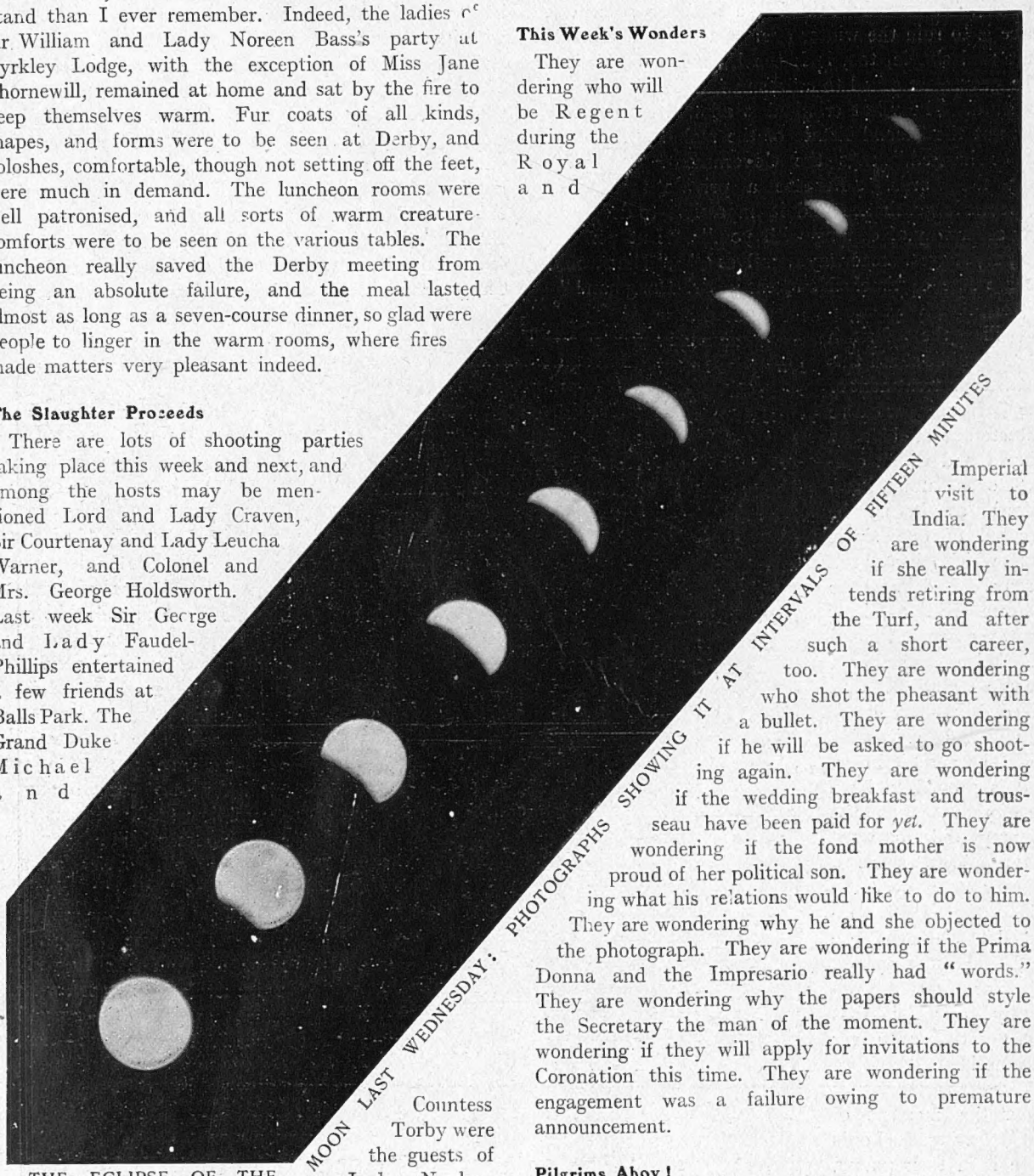
Mr. Balfour last Thursday outlined his party's programme in a fine speech, which has put heart into his supporters. His mental vigour after he has passed the age of sixty-two years is quite unimpaired. His speech has made a deep impression on the Continent and in America

By the Derby Fires

The Derby meeting was cold—there is no doubt about it. Snow fell at intervals on the opening day, and fur coats and red noses were much worn. It is too late in the year to go standing about on an exposed racecourse, is it not? Many ladies thought so last week, for there were fewer on the County Stand than I ever remember. Indeed, the ladies of Sir William and Lady Noreen Bass's party at Byrkley Lodge, with the exception of Miss Jane Thornewill, remained at home and sat by the fire to keep themselves warm. Fur coats of all kinds, shapes, and forms were to be seen at Derby, and goloshes, comfortable, though not setting off the feet, were much in demand. The luncheon rooms were well patronised, and all sorts of warm creature-comforts were to be seen on the various tables. The luncheon really saved the Derby meeting from being an absolute failure, and the meal lasted almost as long as a seven-course dinner, so glad were people to linger in the warm rooms, where fires made matters very pleasant indeed.

The Slaughter Proceeds

There are lots of shooting parties taking place this week and next, and among the hosts may be mentioned Lord and Lady Craven, Sir Courtenay and Lady Leucha Warner, and Colonel and Mrs. George Holdsworth. Last week Sir George and Lady Faudel-Phillips entertained a few friends at Balls Park. The Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby were the guests of Lady Naylor-Leyland at Nantclwyd, her place in Denbighshire; and over in Kilkenny, where the cats come from, Sir Hugh and Lady McCalmont celebrated their silver wedding, and the men of the party went out on Thursday with firearms and slew many wildfowl. There is yet another party or so to mention. Sir Peter Walker and two other men bagged 700 pheasants and about 600 duck at Osmanston on Wednesday, and several hundred pheasants breathed their last at Stonor Park on Saturday, Mr. Henry Coventry and a band of sportsmen being out in the woods from an early hour until dusk.



THE ECLIPSE OF THE MOON LAST WEDNESDAY: PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING IT AT INTERVALS OF FIFTEEN MINUTES

An eclipse is defined as "the obscuration of one luminous body by the interposition of another." The present political situation suggests that total eclipse will not be the monopoly of the moon this winter

This Week's Wonders

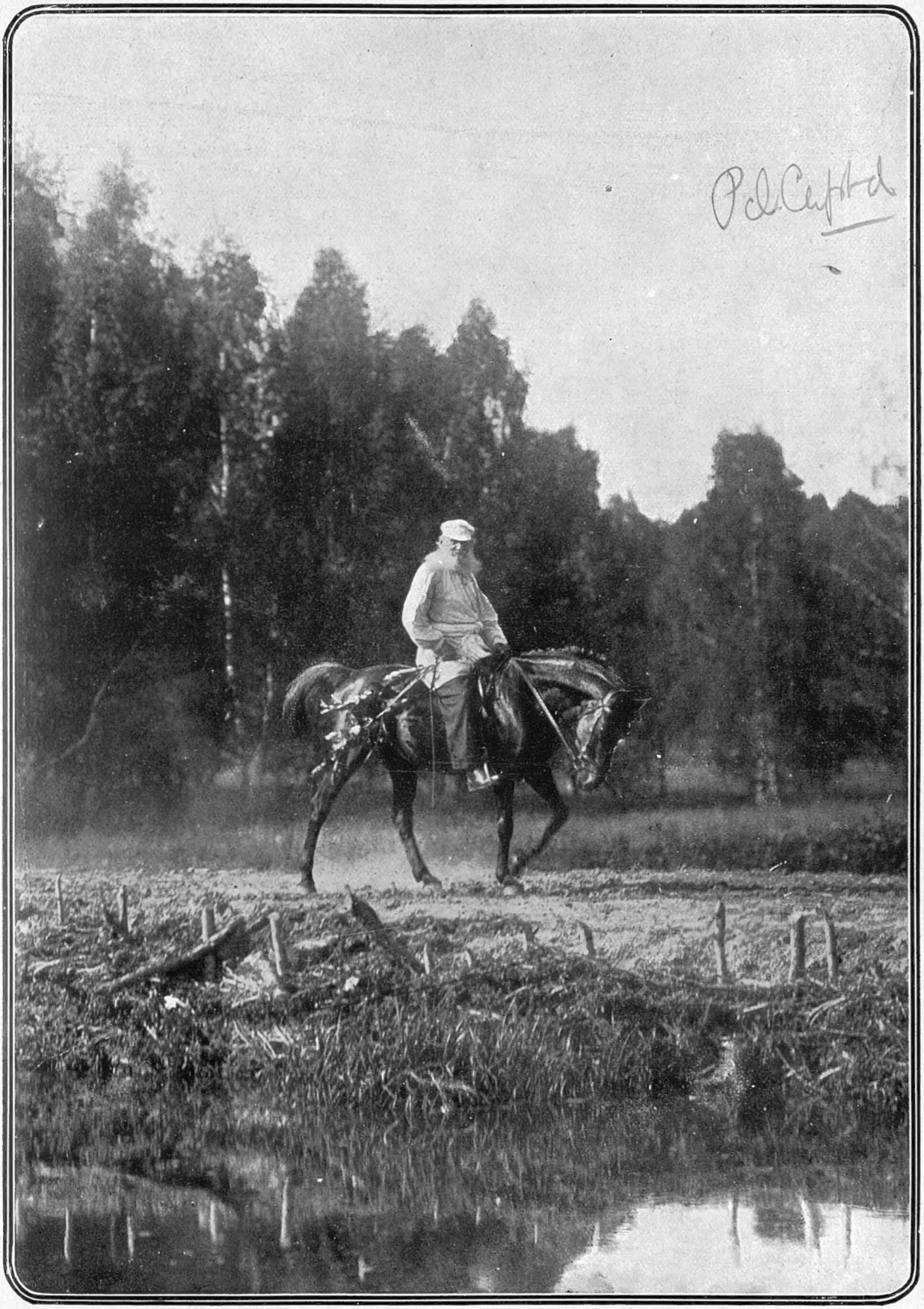
They are wondering who will be Regent during the Royal and Imperial visit to India. They are wondering if she really intends retiring from the Turf, and after such a short career, too. They are wondering who shot the pheasant with a bullet. They are wondering if he will be asked to go shooting again. They are wondering if the wedding breakfast and trousseau have been paid for *yet*. They are wondering if the fond mother is now proud of her political son. They are wondering what his relations would like to do to him. They are wondering why he and she objected to the photograph. They are wondering if the Prima Donna and the Impresario really had "words." They are wondering why the papers should style the Secretary the man of the moment. They are wondering if they will apply for invitations to the Coronation this time. They are wondering if the engagement was a failure owing to premature announcement.

Pilgrims Ahoy!

A delightful luncheon to the American officers was given by the Pilgrims' Club at the Savoy last Friday. Admiral Lambton quite delighted his audience by his speech, emphasising the love of the Navy—particularly the senior officers—for Peace, and his remarks in denunciation of the idea that only Dreadnoughts "count" in war are creating some stir. Blasphemy was what it sounded like, also sound common sense. The Admiral reminded us that it was the length and the width of the Philistine that made him most susceptible to the attacks of the Hebrew youth, the moral of which was that

Russia's Dead Thinker

PICTURESQUE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LATE COUNT TOLSTOI



COUNT TOLSTOI AT YASNAYA POLIANA RIDING TO HIS BATH

The cynic who remarked what a happy world this would be if there were no homes recently received surprising support of his theory from no less a person than Count Tolstoi. The venerable man of letters left his home as he wished for "complete solitude," and retired to the peaceful seclusion of a monastery. Soon after we heard that he was very ill, and on Sunday came the sad news of his death

the bigger your battleship, the greater her danger of torpedo attack. Mr. Harry Brittain was the moving spirit of the feast, and by its success adds yet another feather to an already overcrowded cap.

A Conference Wedding

The most brilliant of boomsters could hardly have devised a bigger advertisement than chance gave to the Amery-Greenwood marriage last week, and Mr. Amery must have felt several inches added to his stature when he found St. Margaret's, Westminster, in the diary of a critical day, claiming precedence in the Prime Minister's attention over Buckingham Palace and Downing Street. The wedding, too, was quite on the Conference principle, the bridegroom representing Tariff Reform and the *Times*, and the bride Liberalism and Free Trade, while the guests included the Austen Chamberlains, Lord Milner, Mr. John Burns, and Sir John Simon. There were some charming frocks, and Mr. Raymond Asquith added a pleasant touch of humour by his gift to the bridegroom—an old pamphlet on Free Trade!

Photograph *Kate Pragnell*

Mr. L. S. Amery

Tariff Reform and Free Trade met at the altar last Wednesday, when Mr. L. S. Amery, a prospective Unionist Candidate at the election, married Miss Florence Hamar Greenwood, sister of Mr. Hamar Greenwood, Liberal ex-M.P. for York

Divorce and the Castle

Society in Dublin is not, as everyone knows, in the least interested either in Mr. Redmond *or* any of those causes of his which have the people for background. It had ample time last week, therefore, in which to digest and discuss that other *cause célèbre* of the moment—the Cochrane divorce case. All the parties concerned are well-known Dublin people, Sir Ernest Cochrane and Miss Claire Royse, the charmingly pretty "co," being Dublin born and bred. Sir Ernest, of course, is somewhat newly rich, being the son of the great mineral-water manufacturer; but the Royses—there are seven daughters—are nieces of Viscount Monck and cousins of that Lady Liverpool who is *persona grata* at that most particular place—the Irish Court. Two of the sisters are married, but all the others have stage aspirations.

Photograph *Val L'Strange*

Mrs. Amery

Marriage in Mayfair

Yet another American peeress—the Miss Vivien Gould who, it is said, is to become Lady Decies—and, during the week, yet more actresses have been added in the bonds of matrimony to the Blue Book, if not Debrett! The state of affairs, really, is getting serious! Mayfair, as the young woman in *Nobody's Daughter* remarks, is already "slopping over with girls." The list of next year's débutantes is a stupendous one, and hardly any of this year's, not to speak of last, are yet disposed of. Our men go to Massachusetts, Manchester, Mile End—anywhere but to Mayfair for wives. Chaperons have been abandoned, and tableaux vivants revived, but all in vain. There is nothing for it now but the Gaiety or—the Shelf!

The Rhodes Scholars

I find that in our article on the Rhodes Scholars a fortnight ago some slight injustice was done to Mr. Archibald Marshall, of the *Daily Mail*. The remarks in the *Mail* upon which we based our criticism were those which Mr. Marshall had gleaned from Oxford men, and were not actually his own opinions. The omission of quote marks, combined with the general tone of Mr. Marshall's article, led to the cursory impression that the views of the article were his own. Mr. Marshall now assures me that this is not the case, and that he was merely acting as the medium for the expression of Oxonian views on this vexed question, upon which he himself appears to have an open mind.

RESULT OF "CARBINE'S" SEASON

Remarkable Success of our Racing Expert's Predictions

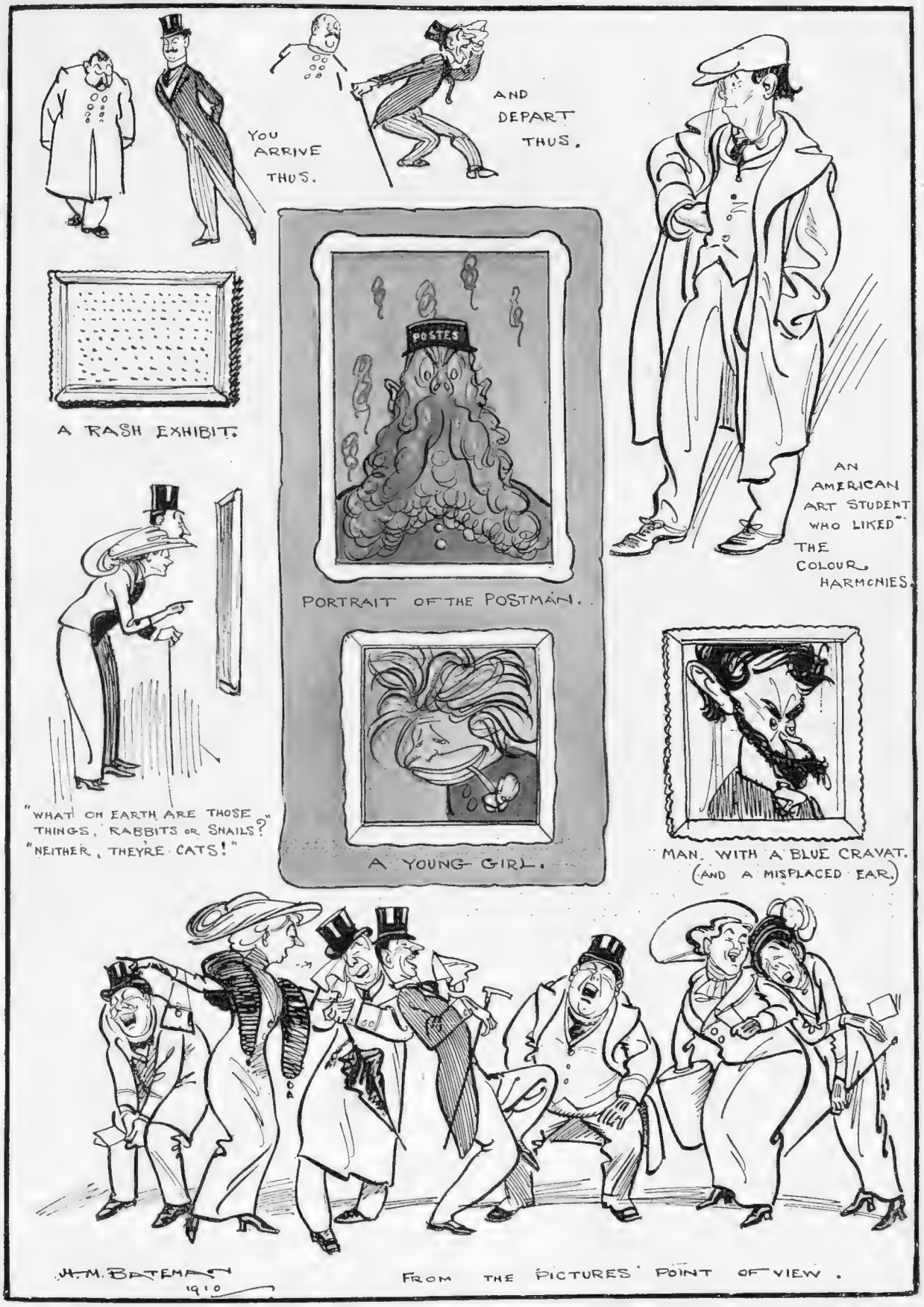
Throughout the Flat-Racing season 104 of the horses given by "Carbine" have started, with this result:

35 WINNERS
18 SECONDS
11 THIRDS
40 UNPLACED

An Investment of £10 on each of his selections during this season would have realised a profit of £266. Among the winners were Rathlea (Liverpool Spring Cup), Rosedrop (The Oaks), Bachelor's Double (Royal Hunt Cup), Swynford (Liverpool Summer Cup and the St. Leger), Elizabetta (Northumberland Plate), Wolfe Land (Duke of York Stakes), Verney (The Cesarewitch), etc.

SEE THE "BYSTANDER" FOR "CARBINE'S" NOTES DURING THE STEEPLECHASING SEASON

Post-Impressions of the Post-Impressionists



POSTED, NEAR THE GRAFTON GALLERIES, BY H. M. BATEMAN

Why Consols Are Low

THE TRUTH AT LAST ABOUT A SORDID CONTROVERSY

IN his now famous play of *Hamlet* the late Wm. Shakespeare wrote: "To be, or not to be? That is the question."

Mr. Shakespeare was mistaken. The question is: "Why are Consols so low?"

A direct inquiry like this was, of course, calculated to bring out the experts in strong force. A man may modestly doubt his ability to understand some things, but his competence to decide why Consols are low was never for a moment in question. So many men are able to decide that.

And, as it was written of old: "So many men, so many opinions."

Consols are down because the present Government has reduced our credit at home and abroad, and the country is going to the dogs. Obviously, if landed proprietors are to be super-taxed to make a Gregorian holiday, the next victims will be the holders of what used to be our premier security. And holders are very wisely selling out before the deluge comes.

On the other hand, the man who says that the Government has got anything to do with the fall in Consols clearly does not understand the merest rudiments of finance. The Government has nothing to do with it. The fact is that, owing to the increased cost of living in a Free Trade country, people naturally look for a higher rate of interest on their investments. And everybody knows that you can now get 10 per cent. for your money—as long as you are not particular about the security of your capital.

It is monstrously absurd to talk as if the Government had nothing to do with the calamitous fall in Consols when the merest tyro in finance is aware that Consols are down simply and solely because of the Suspension of the Sinking Fund. In the good old days, the Government broker was seen on the market now and then buying Consols, and, naturally enough, directly we got wind of his coming, up went the price of stocks. I myself sold out at 112, ten years ago. The buyer of that parcel of stock, if he still holds it, has my sincerest sympathy, which is all I can afford to offer him in these hard times.

Nothing could be more childish than all this wild talk about the Government and Free Trade in respect to the fall in Consols. Why will not people give themselves the luxury of a moment's reflection? The simple explanation of the phenomenon is that investments in Colonial Governments (which are guaranteed by the Home Government) yield an average of 3½ per cent., and naturally trustees who are not tied to Consols put their money where it will do most good. The Home Government is trying, on the one hand, to borrow money at 2½ per cent., and on the other hand acting as security for Colonial Governments that have to borrow at 3½ to 4 per cent. Which is absurd. Consols are bound to fall under such circumstances. It is as plain as a pikestaff.

It makes one positively tired to listen to all these amateurish explanations as to the reason for the disastrous fall in Consols. It must be apparent to the most casual observer that Consols have fallen owing to the German invasion kindly arranged by the *Daily Mail* for 1913. All far-seeing people are obviously placing their money abroad, as the British Government will, of course, default in a year or two's time.

The ignorance of most people on the subject of finance is positively appalling. Surely, if they must talk rubbish, they need not rush into print over it. Consols are down owing to the fact that so many investors, ladies especially, are only just realising that there has been a reduction in the rate of interest. Years ago people who had inherited a cast-iron investment in Consols drew £27 10*s*. for every thousand pounds worth of stock in their names. All at once they observed that the Government were paying them only £25 a thousand, and when they threatened to write to Scotland Yard about it, they were coolly informed that it was the law of the land. Consequently they are selling out as quickly as possible for fear the Government should reduce the rate of interest still further. Because if the Government can reduce the rate of interest by a half, why not reduce it by the whole and have done with it? By bringing down the rate of interest to *nil* per cent., we could wipe out the National Debt.

All this farrago of light-headed nonsense about the alleged lowness of Consols would be amusing if it were not so pathetic. The fact is, of course, that Consols are not low at all. They stand at a very fair average price. In 1885, when the rate of interest was 3 per cent., the average price of Consols was 96. The rate of interest is now one-sixth less, and consequently the price ought to be in the same proportion. What? Very well, then. Take one-sixth from 96, and you get—80. The present price. Q.E.D. Consols are, therefore, as high as they have ever been in normal times. I myself never regret having learned simple arithmetic at school.

Consols have now dropped to their lowest point. No one doubts for a moment that the present is rock-bottom price, and the prudent man will, therefore, pick up as much as he possibly can on the present market figures. A sharp rise in the near future is certain.

Too great stress cannot be laid on the necessity for checking the machinations of financiers who are "bulling" Government stocks for their own private ends. The fact is generally admitted that, so far from being low, Consols are still much too high. They will most certainly fall within the next few weeks to 75, which is their proper price, and the prudent man will sell out as fast as he can without upsetting the equilibrium of the market.

Having thus completely and satisfactorily solved the mystery as to why Consols are low, I will now resume my seat. A. G.

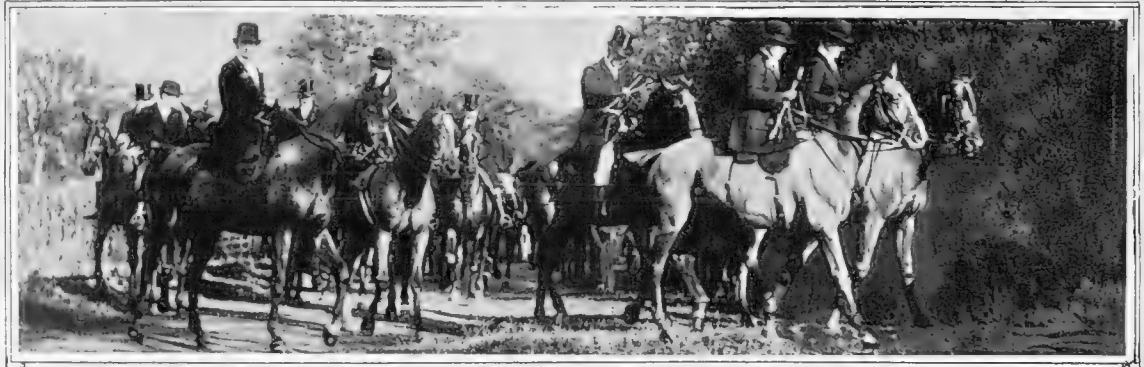
OUT WITH THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE

SOME WELL-KNOWN MEMBERS OF A POPULAR HUNT

The Hunt Coming Through Waverley Wood

Mr. W. R. Evans and Mr. C. E. Burge Enjoying a Chat

Mrs. Crossman and Mrs. G. R. C. Foster Leaving Cover



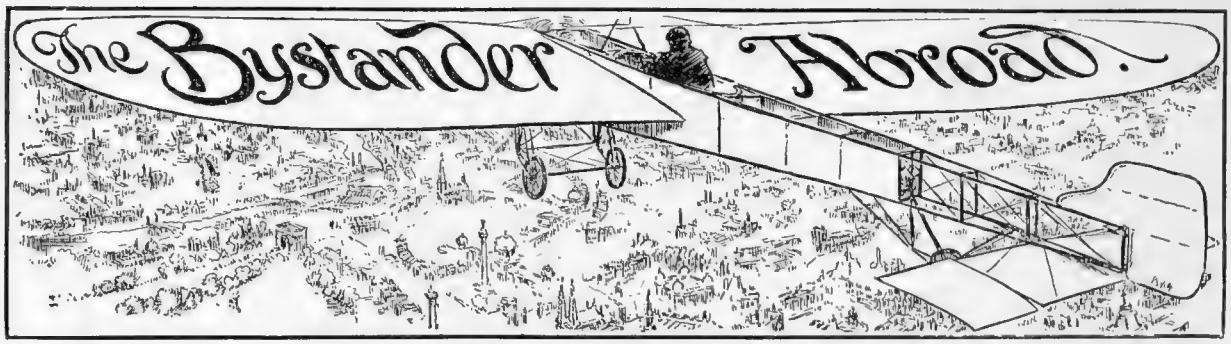
Miss Kitchener, on extreme left, Mr. S. L. Swann, centre, and Mrs. R. O. Fordham, right foreground

Mr. F. G. Lomax, left, Miss Kirke-Smith, right, and Mr. H. J. Fordham, in background

Mr. E. T. Nettlefold, Mrs. H. J. Fordham, and Mr. F. C. Hodgson Waiting for Fox to Get Away

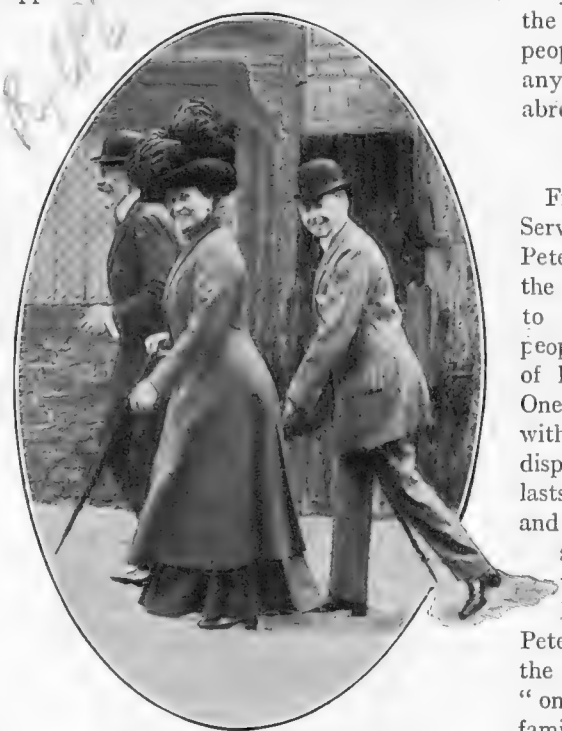
Photographs *Sport and General*

Under the leadership of Mr. Douglas Crossman, the Cambridgeshire Hounds have made an excellent start, and look like showing their followers a good season's sport. Their country is a pleasant one to ride over, especially to those who have no rooted objection to a good deal of plough. Our photographs were specially taken at the meet of the pack at Gransden Hall, Sandy, the home of the Master, where there was a thoroughly representative gathering of Cambridgeshire sportsmen and sportswomen



The "Coming Empress" of France

The marriage of the Princess Clementine of Belgium with Prince Victor Napoleon is food for political reflection in France. If the marriage had taken place during the lifetime of King Leopold there would have been an outcry from one end of France to the other, not because the Bonapartists had any chance of recovering the Imperial crown, but because the Imperial Pretender would have had the protection of a crowned head, and enjoyed a social recognition encouraging to his supporters in France. King Leopold was too wise a Sovereign to expose his country to the perpetual distrust of it which would have resulted. And so this "hard-hearted" monarch put his foot down, and preferred to be called an unnatural father to having a perpetual quarrel with France. At the time he published a very convincing article in the *Indépendence Belge*, unsigned, but known to be written by him, showing how well justified his action had been. Even now this marriage has revived Bonapartist hopes, and the Princess Clementine has been already rather injudiciously hailed as "coming Empress" by undaunted optimists. The Belgian Government, perhaps, will find it convenient to suggest to her prospective Imperial Majesty to take the boat to England, if the French Republic begins to find fault.



Evidently Very Much Tickled
T.I.H. Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, with their son, Prince Waldemar, at Friedberg, Hessen. The actual cause of the Imperial mirth is a matter of mystery, but no doubt it is something quite funny

Royalist Prospects

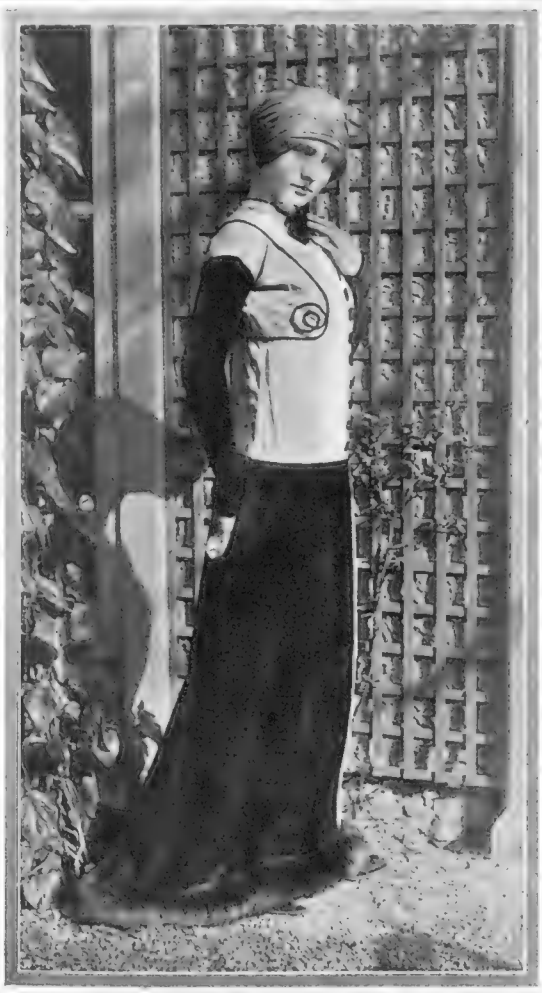
As regards the prospects of Bonapartism, nobody who knows France at all dreams of the possibility of upsetting the Republic nowadays. Since 1870 the influence of the Press and the development of political intelligence have been constantly adding to the Republican ranks, and only fatuous idealists at the present day remain to form the Imperialist party, or Plebiscitaires, as they call themselves, because their doctrine is that the will of France has never been expressed in a plebiscite or referendum as to the form of Government the majority desire. In 1870 the plebiscite gave seven and a half million votes in favour of the Empire against one and a half millions. I doubt whether a plebiscite now would give anything like half a million in favour of the Empire. To the French contemporary mind the idea of a hereditary monarch appears as an anachronism—a mere historical survival, and certainly not an institution to be created on purpose. The Empire has not even the merit of a hoary age or survival, and whereas there is some kindly feeling for conscientious monarchs, there is nothing but hatred for Pretenders who propose to upset the existing state of things for their own benefit. This is why there is such a strong feeling in France against the different Pretenders—why they are banished from the country and why French people are so susceptible about any favour shown them, even abroad.

Clever King Peter

From news I have from Servia, it appears that King Peter is not by any means the dummy he is supposed to be. He manages his people pretty well, in spite of his unruly son and heir. One of his methods of dealing with difficulties is to get an indisposition of some kind which lasts till the difficulty subsides, and then his little indisposition subsides too. Just now he is travelling, and the Servian Minister at Rome, where King Peter is to arrive at the end of the month, says he is coming "on a political, as well as a family, visit." As everyone knows, his late wife was the sister of Queen Helena of Italy. When his father-in-law, King Nicholas of Montenegro, assumed the Royal crown, the Servians were not as well pleased as the Italians, and perhaps King Peter has found it convenient to pay a visit to his fellow-Sovereign and show his somewhat vainglorious subjects that their King enjoys high consideration among greater Powers. His late wife, Zorka, was a somewhat eccentric person. When her husband and she lived in Paris, where she died before he came to the throne, she occasionally afforded matter for neighbourly criticism. She could never adapt herself to the restraints incidental to a small flat. She missed the native freedom of the Montenegrin mountains, and could not understand, for instance, that playing the piano in the middle of the night, however good a musician she was, was not to the taste of her neighbours. Perhaps it is from her

The Latest "Simple" Modes

BY THE CELEBRATED M. POIRET, OF PARIS (AND DOWNING STREET)



The above are among the very latest expressions of the art of M. Poiret, the famous Parisian couturier, who was brought so prominently to the notice of London Society by the wife of the Prime Minister last year in a "dress parade" at No. 10, Downing Street Simplicity is the keynote of all the costumes

Photographs Henri Manuel

that her eldest son has inherited the wild impetuosity which has caused his father so much trouble.

The Match Monopoly in France

The laws of France work curiously. Just as there are certain circumstances (quite a number of them, too) under which you may kill your fellow-biped with impunity, so there are others under which you have got to be really very careful how, or, rather, with what, you light your pipe or cigarette. Most people in match-free England are more or less familiar with those neat little metal contrivances out of which, on the pressing of a spring, there bursts a tiny flame. The little "contraption," which only costs a shilling or two in capital expenditure, and next to nothing for recharging with a drop or two of spirit, emulates a certain make of pen-nib, inasmuch as it "comes as a boon and a blessing to men" devoid of lucifers and in a hurry. Well, don't be caught carrying one of these affairs in the land of Liberty for All, or you will rue it. For merely owning one of them you are infringing one of the dearest of the Government's prerogatives, the match monopoly, and thereby rendering yourself liable to I know not how great penalties. No, once landed on the coast of Gallia, you must conform to Gallia's laws and waste your temper and your small change in buying boxes of damp matches, with no heads to speak of, that will light on no box at all. It is well for us, indeed, that the climate of the country is a dry one, or most surely there would be a tax on nose-blowing.

A Pretty and Popular Bourbon Princesse
H.H. The Duchesse de Seville, Princesse Marie Louise of Bourbon, at present in London. (Painted by Señor A. de Bejar, painter to the Court of Spain)

The Suffragettes of France

Like our own England, France boasts its Suffragettes, a band as devoted to the sacred cause of Still More Rights for Lovely Woman as ever are the forces led by Pankhurst, Drummond and Co., of Clifford's Inn, W.C. To be sure, the Suffragettes of France are dowered with no Parliament that may be "rushed," but, remembering the fundamental truth that underlies the trite saying, "If you can't raise a whirlwind, make play with the kitchen bellows," they do their best with such material as comes to their hand. At present, the French "Votes for Women" party is much exercised in its mind by the fact that Portugal, the youngest Republic in the sisterhood, has already granted the vote to every fair *Portugaise* who wants to have it. The ladies militant of France consider the fact a disgrace, and nothing short of that, to the older Land of Liberty across the Pyrenees. But, after all, does it really matter much? When one is a Frenchwoman, and, therefore, already a queen regnant by the triple right of *chic*, and grace, and charm, one need not worry greatly about an inability to assist in sending this, that, or the other of one's male subjects to join the pandemonium that rages, odd times, down there in the Palais Bourbon.

A Spanish Princesse in London

This week I am publishing, by kind permission of Señor A. de Bejar (who has opened a portrait studio at Kensington), his portrait of one of the most charming of Bourbon Princesses, Princesse Marie Louise, Duchesse de Seville. She is a grand-daughter of the late Infant of Spain, Don Enrique, brother of the late King Don Francisco (grandfather of Alfonso XIII.). The Duchesse has been several times in London, where she is always welcomed by her many friends. Her first sojourn was before her marriage. Though staying at the Convent of the Assumption, she was very much seen in Society, where the then Ambassador of Spain, Marquis de Casa-laiglesia, introduced her, and who also gave her away at her marriage, in the name of Queen Christina of Spain.

THE BYSTANDER XMAS NO.
(a distinctive compilation of all that is artistic and witty in the literary and pictorial market)
WILL BE ON SALE ON DECEMBER 6,
Price (with superb presentation plate by René Lelong)
ONE SHILLING.

When Eve Delved

AND ADAM SPAN, WHO WAS THEN THE GENTLEMAN?

Trained Muscles Make Nothing of a Heavy Roller

Sweeping Up the Leaves after a Storm

A Wheelbarrow is a Trusty Friend

The Last of the Winter Vegetables

Considering a New Border

Hoeing the Onions

Adam was the first—and for some time the only—gardener. Now Eve has encroached on this, one of the few remaining professions that were regarded as exclusively man's own She seems, from our pictures, to be able to dig and plant most picturesquely

Where Woman Wants To, She Can!

Paris: Lady Billsticker

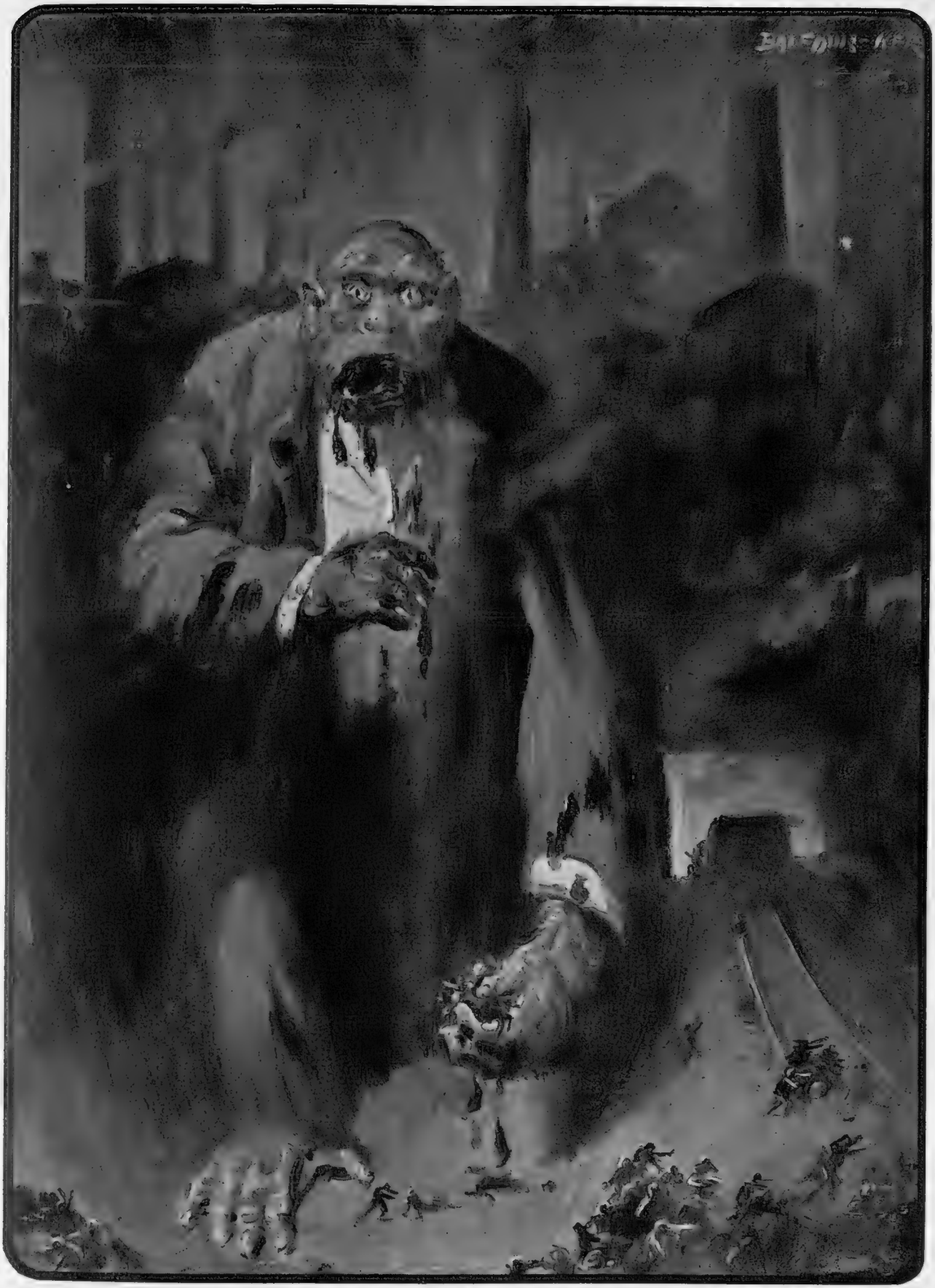
Leipsic: Girl Messenger

For a long time past, we have been awaiting an opportunity to do something for Woman—something with which to be able to help the cause now that the militant Suffragettes are so silent. What we are now able to do isn't much, but 'twill serve. Herewith we present a set of pictures, obtained by "Bystander" spies on the Continent and in America, showing some of the activities of woman awakened. In Paris, she sticks bills; in Leipsic, she cycles on errands; in Charleroi, she is a miner; while in Delaware, she sets up type. The moral is, of course, that where Woman wants to, she can. And why shouldn't she?

Charleroi: Women Coal Miners

Delaware, Pa: Nun-Compositor at Work in a Convent Printing Works

The Lock-Out



THE EVIL GENIUS OF INDUSTRIAL STRIFE

The "lock-out" is presented to us incarnate, as a monster, devouring and crushing human lives, in the process of coming away from a factory. Now that strikes are matters of regular occurrence, it is well that we should have the horrors of their consequences brought home to us by the artist's imagination

BY BALFOUR KER

The Rites of Eleusis

THEIR ORIGIN AND MEANING—*Continued.*

By ALEISTER CROWLEY

The Rights of Eleusis

Among the various accounts that have appeared of the character of the Rites of Eleusis, so-called, I find that very few people seem to understand intellectually what they were all about. It will be as well, therefore, if I make here a plain statement as to the exact nature of the rites. The ceremonies developed from very rude beginnings. The first one was in this wise. I happened to have a few friends in my room in the evening, among them the celebrated Australian violinist, Miss Leila Waddell. It struck me that we might pass the time by a sort of artistic dialogue; I read a piece of poetry from one of the great classics, and she replied with a piece of music suggested by my reading. I retorted with another poem; and the evening developed into a regular controversy. The others were intensely interested in this strange conflict, and in the silence of the room spiritual enthusiasm took hold of us; so acutely that we were all intensely uplifted, to the point in some cases of actual ecstasy, an intoxication of the same kind as that experienced by an assistant at the celebration of the Mass or the performance of Parsifal, but stronger because of its naturalness and primitiveness.

It was subsequently decided to try and tune everybody up to some definite, prearranged emotion, and we strung together a rough ceremony in honour of Artemis. This was so successful that it even impressed persons who had always been complete sceptics and scoffers. Having been of such help in private, we endeavoured to reproduce the effects in public with greater elaboration.

How to Write Rites Right

With regard to the genesis of the Rites of Eleusis I must explain that they did not spring fully armed from my brain, Minerva-like. The actual form which my ideas took was simply a question of convenience and compromise. It was necessary to have a series of some sort, and seven seemed to be about the right number, if we were going to get them done before people went away for Christmas. I might have chosen another set of deities; but I thought that those associated with the days of the week would make it easier for everybody, and it certainly made it very much easier for me, because the correspondences of colour, form, idea, number, and so on of the planets had been so very well worked out. Of the way in which the rituals were constructed, I must say a few words. Let us put ourselves in the position of the dramatist. Take, for example, the first ritual, that of Saturn. Working on tradition, just as Wagner did when he took the old Norse Saga for his world drama, we find Saturn as a black, melancholy God, the devourer of his children. Ideas of Night, Death, Black hellebore, Lead, Cypress, Tombs, Deadly Nightshade. All these things have a necessary connection with Saturn in the mind of anyone who has read the classics. The first condition of this rite is, then, to make the temple a kind of symbolic representation of the sphere of Saturn. So the representative of Saturn wears the Black Robe. The time is declared to be midnight (though, as a matter of fact, it is only twenty minutes past eight—this is an ordinary theatrical convention; and masons will think of certain analogies in their own "Orgies"). If the brethren are fed, it is "on the corpses of their children" as Saturn fed on his. If they drink, it is "Poppyheads infused in blood"—symbols of sleep and death. Saturn further represents the earth, the plane of matter, humanity bounded by old age and death, humanity blindly groping after illumination and failing to get it

The Truth Behind the Veil

It is then, the primitive darkness of humanity that is represented in this ritual. Therefore, we have the despairing cry, "There is no God"; and as a logical result the suicide of the high priest, for there cannot be a priest without a God. It is the blackness of uttermost despair; and so the ritual ends. It is only in the second rite, the rite of Jupiter, who is etymologically and actually identical with the Hebrew Jehovah, that light breaks. But even in that rite, when the Supreme Power is declared, He is too exalted for anyone to approach Him; it is only by the work of the Divine Spirit that He is made manifest; and this manifestation only takes place in the God-man whom some call Iacchus and others Jesus—again an etymological and mystical identity! This doctrine appears to me to differ from the orthodox doctrine of Christianity in one point only; it is not sectarian. I do not require Mr. John M. Robertson to tell me that the story of the crucifixion is merely a mystery play adapted from the rites of Mithras; the rite being symbolical of a spiritual truth, all nations that possess knowledge of spiritual things will have incorporated it in their rites under some name or another.

The Deadness of Dogma

If my interpretation has been erroneous, let me be shown my error, and I will repent; but no sensible person can maintain for a moment that my interpretation is unserious or irreverent. And my chief defence—my counter-attack—is that the orthodox methods of inculcating the doctrine in question have been so purely dogmatic and dull, that they have lost all vital force. Without art, truth becomes falsehood. Imagine anyone taking the teachings of the "Blue Bird," and pounding them into a creed, and writing dull sermons about them! The unfortunate children who had to learn them would begin to hate Maeterlinck bitterly. But let the sublime truths of Christianity be once again "clothed round by sweet art, with the spacious warm heaven of her imminent wings," and there will be that true revival of religious life that everyone is blindly seeking. ALEISTER CROWLEY.

[*The Editor does not in any way associate himself with the views of Mr. Crowley*]

Unaltered Since A.D. 1

FISHERMEN ON THE HOLY SEA OF GALILEE

AN EVERYDAY SCENE ON THE SEA OF GALILEE, IN PALESTINE

The fishing-boats used on these waters to-day are as primitive as those employed 2,000 years ago, and the fishermen may still be seen mending their nets on the seashore as in the time of Christ. Around the shores of this lake stood Capernaum, Magdala, and Bethsaida. All that remains of these once favoured and populous cities is a few mud huts and some hospice or convent

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"THE UNWRITTEN LAW" AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

MR. LAURENCE IRVING quotes on his programme the words: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," a text which prompted Mark Twain, in one of his sarcastic moods, to declare that the English are mentioned in the Bible. Under ordinary circumstances I believe the "unwritten law" justifies the killing of people who have committed offences against morality which are not punishable by statute in civilised lands; but Mr. Laurence Irving gives us a delightfully wide and voluminous interpretation of this very vague enactment. His hero has written a magazine article to prove that homicide is necessary to human progress. For instance, the lives of workmen are frequently sacrificed in great building or mining enterprises essential for the welfare of the race, and it therefore follows with perfectly natural sequence that the man who has ideas likely to benefit humanity is justified in "removing" those who oppose him.

Photograph Foulsham and Banfield

Mr. Laurence Irving

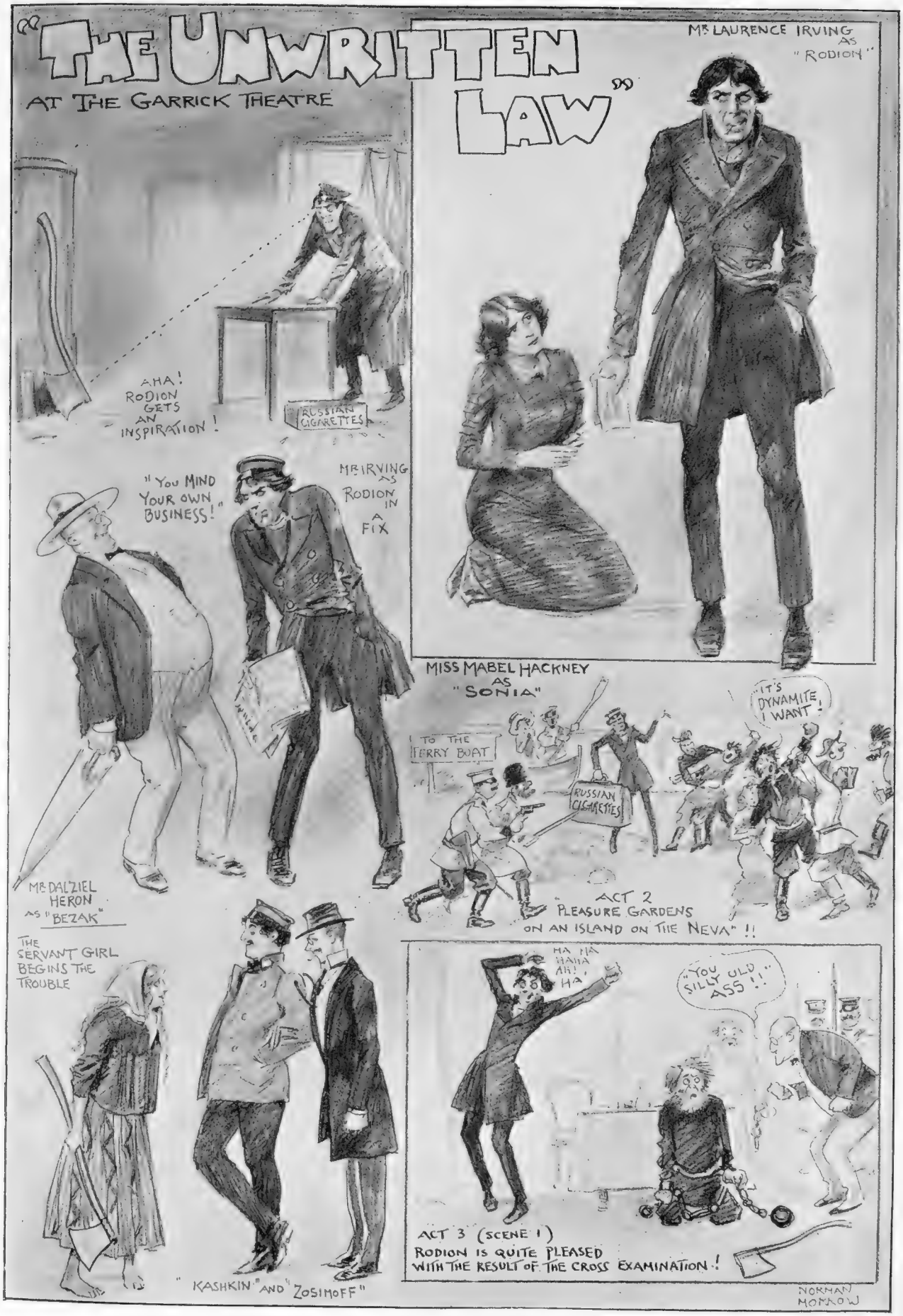
Who is producing *The Unwritten Law* at the Garrick Theatre, makes his first appearance in West-End management. He, himself, plays Rodion Raskolnikoff, the hero of the piece

THE Russian student is Rodion Raskolnikoff, and I am proud to say that I am man enough to be able to resist the temptation to underline the first half of his surname. He lives in a lodging-house, on an upper floor of which a friendless girl named Sonia is trying to keep a home together for herself and two little sisters. Sonia comes to him one day to confide the distressing fact that she is in arrear with her rent, and that the landlord has threatened to turn her into the streets unless she accepts his dishonourable conditions. Raskolnikoff is greatly affected by the young girl's grief. He has no money, so that he cannot offer her financial assistance; but as he looks round the room his eye falls on a large axe with a two-foot handle—long enough to give you a most satisfactory swing in a heated argument with an aggressive opponent. He pledges his word that she shall not be turned out of doors that night, at least; and as soon as she has gone he takes up the axe and hides it in his overcoat, and gives us clearly to understand that an obstacle to human progress is about to be violently removed. The curtain then falls for two or three minutes, during which time we are to infer that Raskolnikoff is upstairs bumping the wicked landlord into a fatal illness with the long-handled axe. When the curtain rises again, the young man is lying on a couch in his room getting his breath back after the excitement. Apparently the act of killing people with axes, even when it is done with the most benevolent intention, is a nerve-racking job, and Raskolnikoff finds it difficult to get used to the sensation all at once. Indeed, his manner is so strange that the examining magistrate who happens to look into the room on his tour of the premises, at once decides to inquire further into the matter.

The magisterial inquiry is the scene that is the backbone of the play. It is a triumph, not only for Mr. Irving, but also, and perhaps in a greater measure, for Mr. Dalziel Heron, whose acting as the magistrate, now purring gently round the prisoner to gain his confidence, and now laying traps to catch his unwilling confession, is one of the most remarkable pieces of work I have seen. For the rest, the play is a melodrama, interspersed with religious discussions, which are not always in the best taste, and which are not at all necessary to the action of the piece.

A PECULIAR feature of the play is the remarkable callousness of Raskolnikoff's friends when they have learned his guilty secret. His old comrade Kashkin is shocked, not at the extraordinary brutality of the crime, but at the prospect of the law taking its course; the gentle and pious Sonia (a quietly effective performance by Miss Mabel Hackney) goes to the length of perjuring herself to shield her protector; while Raskolnikoff's sister does what she can to cheer her homicidal brother in his unfortunate trouble. The ending is fairly cheerful, all things considered. It appears that Raskolnikoff is likely to be let off with three years' imprisonment, at the end of which time he will be very much at large again. If I were an obstacle to social progress domiciled in Russia, I think I would keep an anxious calculation of the date of this interesting axe-wielder's release, and emigrate beforehand. In spite of its melodramatic tendencies, the play has many impressive moments, and Mr. Laurence Irving, whose methods are singularly reminiscent of those of his distinguished father, proves himself to be an actor of considerable power in the delineation of the elementary emotions.

A Vodka and Dynamite Drama



SKETCHES BY NORMAN MORROW

"VICE VERSÂ" AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

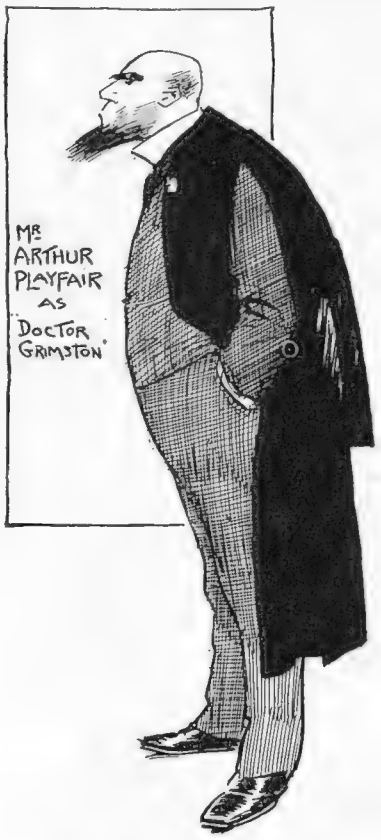
THIS play has been founded by Mr. F. Anstey on his successful novel of the same name, but the argument is hardly so conclusive on the stage as in book form. When the transformation comes whichchanges the father into the son and the son into the father, each to each, as it were, we have only the word of the performers that the phenomenon has taken place.

Sketched at the Comedy Theatre

From this point onwards the success of the play depends upon the skill of the actors concerned to convince us that, in spite of appearances to the contrary, things are not what they seem. Mr. Frederick Volpé, as an ample-waistcoated, bald-headed, middle-aged man, skips across the stage and munches sweets like an irresponsible schoolboy, while Mr. Spencer Trevor, in an Eton suit, struts about and talks with the wisdom of maturer years. They have no make-up to help the illusion, which relies for its completeness on the imaginative powers of the audience.

THERE is a good deal to be said for the attitude of the schoolboys when they decline to see in their classmate's solemnity and studied postures anything more than an attempt on his part to mimic his elderly father's manner. To this extent the play contains its own criticism. In order effectively to establish the illusion, it is necessary that Dick should *be* his father; but he never seems to be able to get beyond the stage of merely seeming to be. It is difficult to see how any other effect could be produced under the circumstances. I will be bold enough to suggest that Mr. Anstey would have done better if he had provided for some mechanical change to synchronise with the psychical metamorphosis —a device which is usually resorted to in cases of this kind, and one, too, with which Mr. Anstey has already secured a notable success. This device would involve some physical similarity between father and son—not necessarily a very daring assumption—and the metamorphosed boy could just as well have gone to a new school where he was not likely to be recognised. Considering the task before him, Mr. Spencer Trevor worked wonders, but his performance was never, at any time, more than a clever imitation of an old head on young shoulders. For the purposes of a novel this rather fine distinction serves well enough; but it is a little too subtle for the stage, where it is necessary to produce effects with a rather weightier hand.

Sketched at the Comedy Theatre



Sketched at the Comedy Theatre

IT may be that, arriving as it does with the approach of the holiday season, this play, with its entertaining scenes of school life, will appeal to the boys, though I should have thought they would not have been too eager to be reminded at holiday-time that such a hateful thing as school exists. The scene in the schoolroom is realistic to a degree, and the boys who take part in the fun seem to enjoy themselves immensely. One or two of them, indeed, give very considerable help to the piece by their whole-hearted representation of the parts allotted to them. Mr Arthur Playfair gives a really clever caricature of the aggressive type of schoolmaster, with a sonorous voice and copious chin-whiskers, and there is something delightfully ridiculous about the tone in which he invites the boys to partake of bread-and-butter and cocoa, as if these items must surely have formed part of the daily menu of Lucullus himself. I should think with a little revision something might be made of *Vice Versâ*: but in its present form it does not seem to me to have the makings of a popular success.

JINGLE

Pencil Portraits of Stage Favourites

(DULY AUTOGRAPHED BY THEMSELVES)

MISS FLORENCE SMITHSON: DRAWN FROM LIFE BY R. G. MATHEWS

(Previous issues containing drawings by R. G. Mathews of Miss Gertrude Elliott, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss Winifred Emery, Mlle. Anna Pavlowa, Mlle. Gaby Deslys, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Elsie Spain, Miss Valli Valli, Miss Laura Cowie, Miss Zena Dare, Mr. Henry Ainley, and Mr. Norman McKinnel, and by Harold H. Smith of Sir H. Tree, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Miss Lily Elsie, Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. H. B. Irving, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Mr. Gerald du Maurier, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Oscar Asche, and Miss Lily Brayton, may be obtained from the Publisher)

Specimens of
on Exhibition at

A RUSSIAN BEAUTY. BY CONSTANTINE MAKOVSKY

SOME disappointment has been expressed by the "higher" criticism with the Russian Exhibition of Pictures at the Doré Gallery, in Bond Street. It is felt that the show is too much confined to the official painters, who are the Muscovite analogues to our own Royal Academicians. An example may be seen in our reproduction of "The Wedding," by Vladimir Makovsky, who is Professor of the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts at St. Petersburg. He has much in common with Sir Luke Fildes, not only in the actual handling of his paint, but in the choice and treatment of subject. There is a homeliness in the sentiment and a probability within range of common experience that easily accounts for the painter's popularity with the Russian middle-classes, and an aristocracy whose knowledge of them is confined to pictorial presentation of them.

No less academic, though more in the French than in the English

"BLESSING THE WATERS," BY

"BLESSING THE WATERS" (ANOTHER

Russian Art at the Doré Gallery

BY A. A. BUCHKURI

ER ASPECT). BY HUK-KRAVEHENSKY

THE WEDDING. BY VLADIMIR MAKOVSKY

sense, is the picture by Constantine Makovsky, brother of the former artist. "A Russian Beauty" presents, rather in the style of Cabanel, a young lady in the picturesque national costume familiarised to London by recent performers at the music-halls. The characteristic dress is, unfortunately, becoming rare in Russia. On the table we see a number of beautiful objects in the old Byzantine style, which for decorative purposes has never wholly disappeared either in ecclesiastical or domestic life.

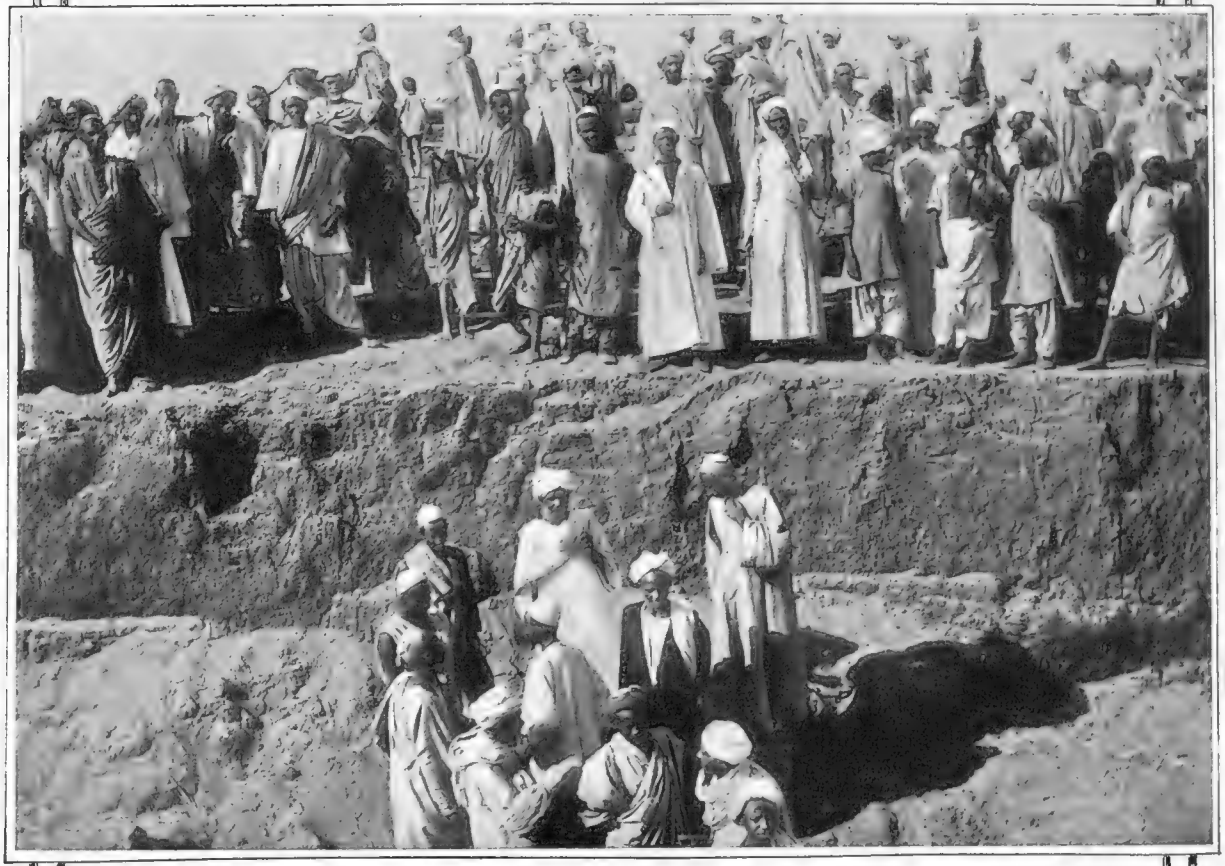
By more advanced artists are the two pictures representing different aspects of the same ceremony, "Blessing the Waters," by Huk-Kravehensky and A. A. Buchkuri. Artistically and technically, these works are on a much higher plane. They are more representative of the real Russian genius for decoration. The pure, vivid colours against white snow, and the masterly drawing, make a particular appeal to our æsthetic perceptions.

The Opening-Up of the Soudan

Loading the Ferry Boat, Sennar

Fourth-Class Passengers Entraining

Excellent travelling facilities are now provided for visitors to the Soudan by the Soudan Government Railways and Steamers. The intending tourist can now reach Khartoum in eight days from London. Sea passage to Egypt is most quickly made by the P & O Express Service *viâ* Brindisi, leaving London every Friday evening, or by the weekly steamer from London or Marseilles



PASSENGERS FOR THE POST BOAT, DONGOLA PROVINCE

In the winter months, particularly from November to the end of February, the climate of the Northern Soudan is unrivalled; the air is dry and bracing, and the temperature equable. The mean temperature in Khartoum is 71·5° Fahr. during the three winter months, while the prevailing wind is a cool North breeze. In fact, many visitors are glad to escape from the bursts of inclement weather that frequently attack Egypt at this time of the year, and to turn to the Soudan for warmth and sunshine

FAMOUS HUNTS AT HOME

Written and Illustrated by Leonard Willoughby

The Manor House, Swaffham: The Master's Residence

The Master and his Wife: Captain and Mrs. Champion

No. XXI. THE WEST NORFOLK

THERE is, to my knowledge, more than one hunt which confidently claims to be the oldest existing in the kingdom. I am not prepared to dispute any one claim, nor do I think it possible to tell for certain which is actually the oldest. But I am certain of this, there are few which can trace their history for nigh on four centuries. It is true King James I. hunted with the Belvoir, for we are told by the Court writer of the day that "the field pressed unduly on His Majesty." But perhaps King Jamie was not a "thruster," and the field wanted to get on and dared not ride before him. It is possible that many people look upon Norfolk as purely and simply a shooting county—scarcely a hunting one. Yet, strangely enough, it claims to be the first in which hunting commenced, and on these grounds, that one Sir Thomas le Strange was hunting the country as far back as 1534. As to whether the hounds he hunted were then called the West Norfolk, or where his kennels were situated, I cannot say. Neither can I tell the area over which his hounds hunted. I must, therefore, rest content in the fact that it is an exceedingly old hunt, and perhaps the oldest.

There have been some well-known men as Masters, among whom were Sir Robert Walpole in 1702, Lord Townshend in 1756, Mr. Coke, of Holkham, 1772, Lord Hastings 1823, Lord Suffield 1856, Mr. Villebois 1859, Mr. A. Hamond 1865-1883, Mr. Fountaine 1883-1895, Mr. C. D. Seymour 1889-1902, Mr. Albert Collinson, Lord Romney, and now Captain Champion. There are others who have held command in former years, such as Mr. William Mason and Mr. H. C. Henley, of Sandringham, 1755-1807, but this was on one side of the country which was then divided. Sir Nicolas le Strange was Master from 1641-1686. There are, to-day, fifty couple of working hounds, of which twenty-two couple are dogs. The dogs are a useful-looking lot, showing bone and substance. They are well coupled-up, deep-chested, with good backs and loins, and are decidedly big hounds. While they have no particular characteristic as to colour, they are level, and in strain go back to Mr. Anthony Hamond's hounds, which were notable for their work. The bitches are a smart, attractive-looking lot, of no particular marked colouring. On the whole, they have plenty of bone, with good necks and shoulders, and are generally good-framed hounds and likely ones to breed from.

Since Captain Champion took command he has purchased fifteen couple of bitches from the Ludlow, Fitzwilliam, and Puckeridge, and these have turned out extraordinarily well in their work. The dogs have plenty of tongue and drive, and are very steady; while the bitches, like most bitch packs, are quick, and these, in particular, require but little assistance, making their own casts with great rapidity. One of the best of these is Spinster, by Meath Senator from Ludlow Adula by Warwickshire Gaoler, who shows in her work the wonderful working blood of her progenitors.

Saucy is another by Puckeridge Ransack, a beautiful hound with great drive, and this may be said of Rally by Racer out of Ransome. Taken as a whole, the pack have sufficient tongue, good drive, and are stout hounds, and, I am happy to notice, are steadier than they recently were. The country is well supplied with foxes, and these are strictly preserved. Norfolk being essentially a shooting county, where

Mrs. Champion, the Master's Wife: A First-rate Rider to Hounds

there are more shooting than hunting interests, it is most satisfactory to note the sporting way in which shooting tenants meet the hunting interests. As evidence of this, the Master is able to put his hounds into all coverts with a minimum of restriction.

The kennels are at Rougham, and these are converted farm-buildings, which took the place of the imposing-looking quarters at Narford, built by the late Algernon Fountaine, and which, owing to the gravel soil they were built on, caused kennel lameness. The present ones stand on strong clay soil, and have proved to be exceedingly healthy, for there has never since been a single case of kennel lameness. The hunt stables are at Rougham Hall, the home of Mr. F. K. North, a keen supporter of the hunt. Here some twenty-four very useful stamp of hunters are comfortably boxed, which can certainly get over the country. The country which is hunted on Mondays is light land, chiefly plough with small cock fences, there being no big woods and a certain amount of grass from Stow to West Acre. On Wednesdays the meets are on the South, from Dunham to Shipdam, a fine, wild sporting country with a fair amount of grass. The fences are on the top of banks with big ditches, which take some negotiating. Fridays' meets are on the East by Fakenham, Elmham, and Litcham. This is a plough country with fly fences and big ditches so characteristic of the district. They are practically wide drains, and are jumpable everywhere, but, in places, are rotten and treacherous. Saturdays are by-days.

Sir Somerville Gurney, K.C.V.O., for Forty Years Hon. Sec. of the Hunt

Scent on the whole is fair, and perhaps the best of all is the Wednesday country, and here, as a rule, hounds run fast. The farmers are exceptional, and are mostly tenants of large holdings, some of them, indeed, farming 5,000 and 6,000 acres, a thing practically unknown in any other part of England. They do all they can in the most exemplary fashion to promote sport and preserve foxes. Captain Champion took over the hounds from Lord Romney this season, having previously

The Master on Great Western

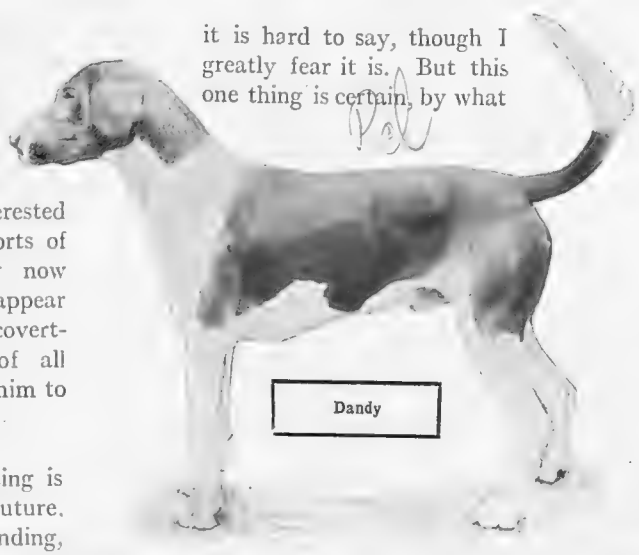
hunted five seasons with them. He served in the 14th Hussars eleven years, and afterwards was adjutant to the Norfolk Yeomanry. He married a keen follower of the hounds in the daughter of Sir Somerville Gurney, who for forty years has been hon. secretary of the hunt, and is a fine all-round sportsman, much beloved and respected. Captain Champion, who is hunting hounds himself, will, I am confident, show good sport, for he is keen and understands his work, is a good rider, and hard as nails, while his whole soul is in the hunt. He is also very ably supported by his Whips.

Royalty have always taken a deep interest in the pack since their residence in Norfolk. Not only did the late King Edward hunt regularly at one time with them, but also Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria, and now little Princess Mary and the young Princes. Their interest in and support of the hunt show how keen the Royal Family are to uphold foxhunting. Though King George has not appeared for some time in the hunting field, still the inhabitants of Norfolk are

W. Connor (2nd Whip) Capt. J. Francis Champion, the Master, with the Lady Pack A. Johnson (1st Whip)

all keenly hoping he may yet be seen out, as he is the largest supporter of the hunt. So good a sportsman is His Majesty, and so interested in the games and sports of his subjects, it only now remains for him to appear in a red coat at the covert-side to fill the cup of all sportsmen's pride in him to the brim.

As to whether hunting is doomed in the future, as things are now tending, it is hard to say, though I greatly fear it is. But this one thing is certain, by what



Dandy

I have recently seen in Norfolk, that hunting will take some killing here. I am assured by these good sporting people that as Norfolk was the first to start a hunt, so will it assuredly be the last to give it up, no matter what betides the fortune of other hunts in England. This is the right spirit, and hunting must ever flourish where enthusiasm of this kind prevails, and especially where good feeling is fostered between those whose interests may vary widely in the field of sport.

Hounds Coming Out from the Kennels for Exercise

There are forty-five couple of hounds, marked "W. N." The pack, as a whole, is one of stout hounds with sufficient tongue and good drive

The Man Who Killed Golf

By VIVIAN CARTER

Date of Narrative—November 2010

"What the devil, sir," he thundered, "has golf to do with taxation?"

"NOT so very old," said the antiquarian, pointing to the grey, ivy-covered ruin. "About one hundred years. It is deceptive, of course—intentionally so. For the thing that it commemorates is kept in deserved obscurity by order of the Government."

"And what is that thing?"

"Golf. The building was a golf clubhouse."

"Golf?"

The bright-looking youth glanced up at his elderly companion with whom he had that morning journeyed by mono-rail to the populous suburb-city of Skinnerpate, on a hill-top beyond which (climbed by wireless car) they now stood.

"Golf? A game, was it not?"

"Yes, my lad—they called it that, for it was played with sticks, or clubs as they were termed, and balls. They called it a game."

"And—what made them deprive children of it?"

"Children? Children? My boy, my boy, it was not played by children. In those days, to spend hours, and even days, coaxing little balls into little holes with instruments extremely ill-adapted for the purpose was considered a pastime suitable for adults.

"The open spaces around every town, village, and cluster of huts were given up to the game. No seaside place dared to exist without its golf course. Wherever you went you saw men carrying golf clubs. Great statesmen, writers, artists, actors, journalists, great butchers, bakers and candlestick-makers, great tinkers, tailors, soldiers, sailors, apothecaries, ploughboys, gentlemen, and great thieves, all met on the links, and it was there, between the rounds, that were made treaties and contracts, cabals, plans, plots, and conspiracies. Golf was the high road to everything. It was the snob's way into snobbery, the business man's way to business. It became recognised as an essential to every man who wanted to get on. Newly married men were positively bullied by their wives to take it up, if only because it was a sure way of compelling other people's wives to call. There was one of these men once, a fellow named Parkinson——"

The youth took courage to interrupt.

"I beg your pardon, but won't you tell me the history of the ruin while we're here? You can go on with Parkinson on the way back."

"Silence! The history of the ruin, the story of the abolition of Golf *is* Parkinson—the Man Who Killed Golf.

"Parkinson was a man who hated games with all his soul. He was born a bad shot at everything. Desire, however, to get on in the world forced him, from his school days, at least, to try to play them. Nursing in his heart his hatred of them, he played bad cricket and football in the third eleven at Marrowberry. Desiring to meet a partner of his joys and sorrows, he played bad tennis at country garden-parties; when he had married her, at her express wish, and in order to get in with local society, he agreed to play bad golf here, in the Skinnerpate Club, of which that yonder is the ruin. He went round for a week or two o' mornings with the club professional, and, after careful and persistent practice, attained inefficiency. Invariably he played a bad game, save once, and then—well, he made history. It fell out upon a fair Saturday in November. The members of the club were lunching jovially together, and, as was not infrequent on such occasions, it happened that the conversation turned upon—Golf. For a good time the talk was technical, consisting of the use of strange words of Scottish sound. Then, rather unconventionally, one of the members (a local doctor) asked if anybody had seen that morning's *Daily Dissent*.

"A gasp of angry protest went round the room. Hitherto the Doctor had been regarded as a man of decent manners. To interrupt a conversation upon golf by asking members if they had seen a copy of a notorious Radical daily paper was, at least, unusual. Why did he ask that question?"

"'Because there's something about golf in it,' said the Doctor. 'An article on golf in its relation to taxation.'

"'Golf? Taxation?'

"Colonel Greatpace voiced, as usual, the sentiments of the club. 'What the devil, sir,' he thundered, 'has golf to do with taxation?'

"'Quite so,' rejoined the Doctor quietly. 'The *Dissent* thinks it *ought* to have something to do with it. It publishes statistics of the amount of land kept out of cultivation and from builders by golf courses, and how much revenue would accrue were this land to be taxed as it should. It also gives the amount of subscriptions, food, and drink revenues, of Golf Clubs. It estimates the number of golf balls consumed annually by the nation, and how much revenue would be derived by a heavy excise duty on india-rubber, gutta-percha, white paint, etc. It ends up by an indictment

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of the amount of time and money spent by serious men on what is only a game, and says that if Great Britain is to hold her own in the great race for supremacy, her sons must be compelled to turn their attention from this all-absorbing, brain-numbing, soul-sterilising pastime.'

"'Good God!'

"The exclamation from the Colonel, followed by others of incredulity and profanity, found an echo throughout the room. 'But then,' spoke up the voice of Parkinson (reported, by the way, to be a Liberal at heart), 'it doesn't matter, does it, what the *Daily Dissent* thinks?'

"'Oh, yes, it does,' replied the Doctor. 'The *Dissent* is generally supposed to reflect the views of the Chancellor himself.'

"'It can't on this question,' replied Parkinson, 'because the Chancellor is himself a golfer.'

"'Or *was*.'

"The remark was the Doctor's, and it affected the company like a thunderbolt.

"'You don't mean to say that *he's given up golf?*'

"Had it been suggested that the statesman had given up his religion, or his salary, or his nationality, greater astonishment could not have been shown. Such a thing as giving up golf was unthinkable, once one had passed a certain age.

"'When,' as Parkinson had it, 'a man has put his hand to the plough . . .'

"A roar of laughter interrupted him.

"'Speaking of yourself, for instance,' said a cruel voice.

"'And of the Chancellor, too,' put in the Doctor, 'for it is generally known that his game lately has been so atrocious that he has taken to expressing himself in his native tongue. And I've heard on very good authority that if he doesn't speedily get back to his form, he intends to chuck it. That is why I have reason to believe the article in the *Dissent* is inspired by him. A *ballon d'essai*, as it were.'

"'And how, Doctor,' boomed the Colonel, fixing the man of medicine with his monocle, 'do you happen to know this about the Chancellor?'

"'I happen, last night, to have been called in to attend Mr. Merrilees for a strained ankle, which he got while playing golf with the Chancellor yesterday at Fencoton Heath. The right hon. gentleman is week-ending with him now.'

"'Merrilees is a member of this club,' said the Colonel.

"'Yes,' said the Secretary, Captain Dashwood; 'his place is equal distance between us and the Heath.'

"At that moment the steward informed the Captain that he was wanted on the telephone, oddly enough by none other than Mr. Merrilees himself. While he was gone—some time, by the way—the lunchers, after a few more desultory and sceptical allusions to the subject of discussion, adjourned, some to smoke, others to play. To the smokers, about five minutes later, the Secretary made his appearance. He held up his hand to secure silence.

"'Gentlemen,' he said, in a pleasant voice, 'you'll all be relieved to hear that the sinister rumour as to the Chancellor of the Exchequer and golf is premature. Mr. Merrilees has just telephoned me to say that he is driving the Chancellor over this afternoon to this club, but as he will not be able, owing to his accident, to play himself, he wishes me to fix up a match with one of the members.'

"'Loud cheers and rattling of ash-trays and pipes greeted the announcement.

"'Parkinson,' said Captain Dashwood, 'the Committee have unanimously agreed to ask YOU to be the Chancellor's partner'"

"'I should be glad if the committeemen present would join me in my office for a little informal—er—chat. I think it most important that a suitable opponent should be found for the Chancellor.'

"'Hear, hear, hear!'

"'One who'll give him a damned good lickin',' grunted an elderly member, noted rather for his extreme Toryism than for his wisdom.

"'What?' growled the Colonel. 'A damned silly remark, if ever I heard one. To have him beaten would probably settle him to give up the game, and thus remove the only thing that holds him back from introducing this monstrous taxation scheme. What we must do is, obviously, to give him a game that he'll win brilliantly, so that he'll *think* he's back to his form.'

"'Hear, hear, hear, hear!'

"The Colonel, having once again spoken the mind of the members, led the way to the Secretary's office. When the Committee returned to the smoking-room, Parkinson, who had been smoking quietly to himself, was surprised to find himself beckoned to by the Secretary.

"'Parkinson,' said Captain Dashwood, 'the Committee have unanimously agreed to ask *you* to be the Chancellor's partner.'

"'I?' said Parkinson. 'But, good gracious, I'm the worst player in the club.'

"'Yes, but for heaven's sake don't tell him so. Play your top-hole form, and let him, at all events, think we've given him something to beat.'

"'But suppose I beat *him?*' A roar of derisive laughter greeted the sally, during which Parkinson, a curious, dreamy expression in his eyes, rose and strolled slowly out of the house. As he went out, the Doctor ventured to remark that there was something in Parkinson's eye and manner that he didn't altogether like.

"'You don't think,' he said to the Secretary, 'that there's any chance, any *possible* chance, of Parkinson's beating the Chancellor? Accidents will happen.'

"'I don't think so. Even if Parkinson really could beat him—which he can't—he wouldn't.' After all, he knows what there is hanging to the match, and he's a sportsman, I suppose?'

"'A sportsman,' said the Doctor; 'my dear fellow, that's exactly what he isn't. He hates games, and only plays golf because his wife made him. She is master in that house, as I know—she's a patient of mine. But I mustn't keep you. This sounds like Merrilees's motor. It is, by Jove! and there's the Chancellor helping his host out of the car. Genial-looking chap, considering his political reputation, isn't he?

"The Secretary going to meet the statesman noticed, as he passed down the green slope towards the entrance, Parkinson industriously swinging his club.

"'He needn't be so damned demonstrative,' the Captain muttered to himself, and then he greeted Mr. Merrilees, and was duly presented to the Chancellor.

"'A game, sir?'" he said, replying to an inquiry. 'Why, certainly. Your partner is there—busy loosening his joints, and determined to give you a good afternoon.'

"'Not a whole afternoon, Captain,' said the Chancellor, raising his voice, so that the cluster of members who had gathered round to meet the famous man, could hear, 'only a game—just one game. And, of course, I hope my opponent will play at the top of his form, though I don't exactly want him to beat me.'

"'Naturally, naturally. I hope, sir, that the club will have the honour of welcoming you oftener?'

"'Thanks, thanks.' The Chancellor puffed the end of his cigar three times, and then threw it vigorously away. 'That depends, of course, on how this test game goes. You gentlemen may have heard that I've been a good deal off lately, and this game is to settle once for all whether I give it up or not. If I win, I may hope to continue golf; if I lose . . .'

"There was a somewhat significant silence, during which the members looked rather anxiously at each other. A caddie arrived with the Chancellor's clubs, and at the same time Parkinson, looking fresh as paint, and unpleasantly pleasant, came along to be presented. Together, chatting amicably, they strolled down to the first tee, and then began the game, of which it is enough to say that, in the words of old Caspar: ''Twas a famous victoree.'"

"Who for?"

"Haven't I told you? For Parkinson, of course. The man began indifferently, and the Chancellor, for the first two or three holes, fondly thought it would be a walk-over for him. Not that Parkinson hadn't tried his best. He had. However, he realised that it was no go, so, on the third tee, gave up trying. It should be *his* last game, too, he resolved as, without the slightest attempt to address his ball, he drove it somewhere in the direction of the hole. To the utter consternation of himself and everybody else it was found, when the players go down to the green, that he had holed it. The Chancellor looked grave, and his drive at the next tee was execrable. A new recklessness came over Parkinson. Once again he proceeded to drive wildly and at random, and as a result landed on the green within eighteen inches of the pin. From that point the Chancellor's game and his temper grew progressively worse, while Parkinson played his remaining strokes as though possessed of the skill of all the cracks of all the ages. The game ended on the fourteenth green, giving Parkinson a hollow victory by six up and four to play. When it was over, the Chancellor of the Exchequer carefully placed his ball on the fairway, and, swinging his brassie, drove it with demoniacal fury a considerable distance towards the distant horizon. Having done that he broke his brassie across his knee, and flung the fragments as far after it as he could. Then, his jaw set, and with a Celtic fire in his eye, he strode in silence back to the clubhouse.

"He refused his host's invitation to whisky-and-soda.

"'Thank you,' he said to the Secretary. 'Thank you for the—er—game. I shall, at all events, have played my last round in congenial company.'

"'That consoles us, sir. And we hope that one day you may reconsider your drastic decision. For'—the Secretary assumed his blandest smile—'we should feel more easy as to the future of golf if the Chancellor of the Exchequer remained a golfer.'

"'Why so, sir?' asked the Chancellor.

"'Well—er—a certain article in the *Daily Dissent* forecasts schemes of taxation, which would have the effect of practically abolishing the game.'

"The Chancellor smiled—but it was not a nice smile. 'Taxation,' he said, 'must be considered solely in the general interests of the State, and for the progress and welfare of the people.'

"With that ominous platitude, he waved a cordial salute to the company as he took the arm of his host helped him into the car, and was driven swiftly away.'

. . . . . .

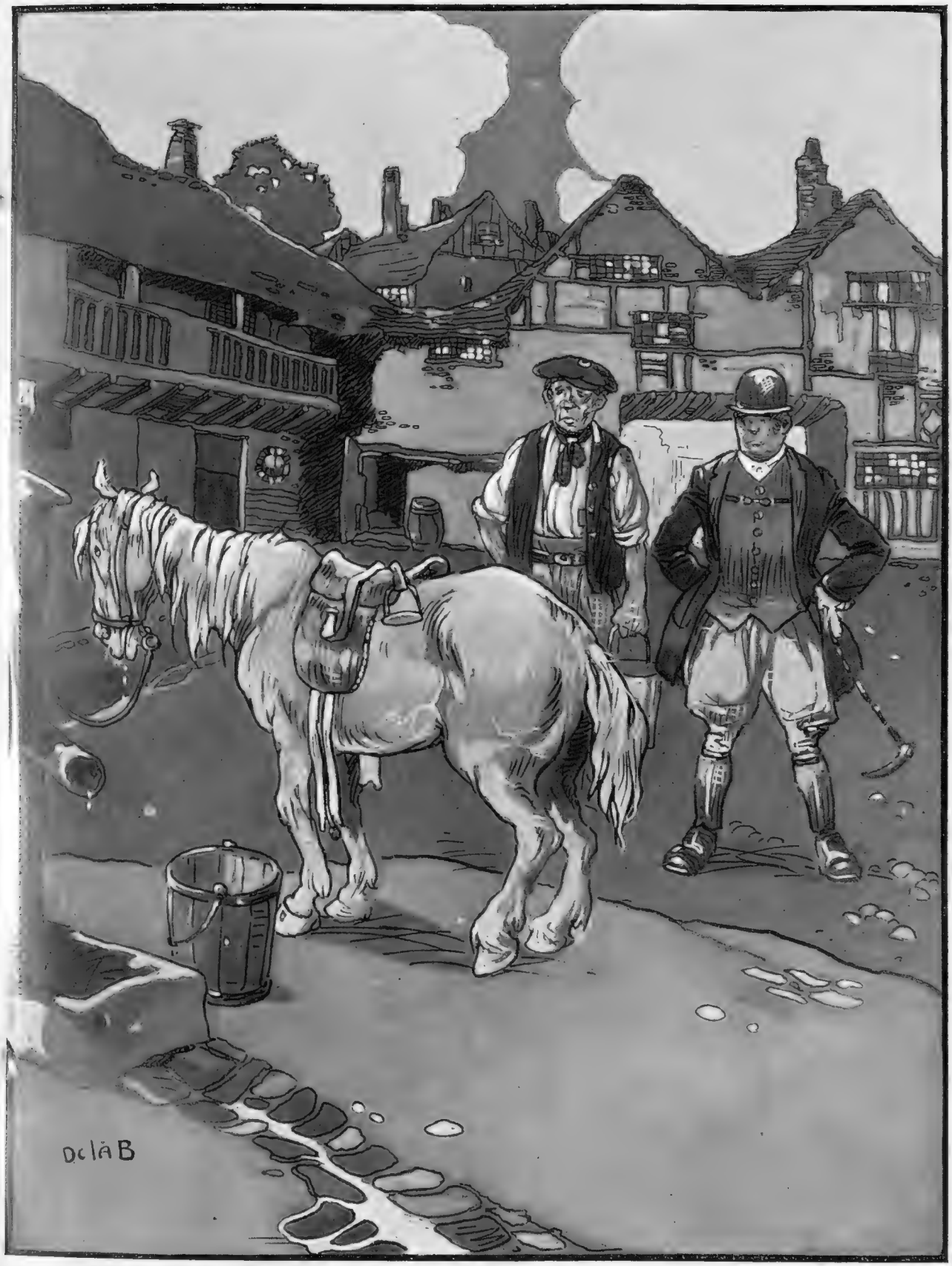
"And the taxes?"

"Oh, yes. They went on, and as a result, of course, golf links were forced to come into the market and be built over. And responsible for it was Parkinson — THE MAN WHO KILLED GOLF."

VIVIAN CARTER.

"The Chancellor smiled—but it was not a nice smile. 'Taxation,' he said, 'must be in the general interests of the State, and for the progress and welfare of the people'

In Extenuation



Livery Stable Proprietor: "I'm afraid we shall have to cast him, Murphy. He's about worn out"

Murphy: "I wad not be sayin' that. Barrin' the wakeness he has in the legs an' that touch of cataract, forbye a thrifflin' suggestion of the staggers, 'tis a grand horse he'd be for the funerals—if 'twere not for the colour of 'um"

BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE

"THE GREAT EXPERIMENT"

AN EMOTIONAL STUDY: BY LEO GORDON

THE verandah of the United Service Club, Calcutta, blazed with light. In the garden below, the fireflies like a thousand iridescent fairies held carnival. Sir Antony Donald stretched his limbs, finished his "peg," and leant on the verandah railings looking into the night.

The world knew this man as one of the stern, unsmiling Englishmen who seem to seek no pleasure outside their work, one of the stern-browed men who sacrifice love and its joys to their thankless mistress, duty.

A servant brought him a card. He nodded, and presently a young man, with the spring of life in his step, rushed up with extended hand.

"It is good of you to see me, sir!"

They held hands a moment longer than was necessary.

"Good? Well, take that seat. Have you decided?"

"Yes, sir, I have. To-morrow night we catch the Bombay mail. In a month the world will forget us. It is not the first time a woman has left the brute who legally owns her for the man who wants her."

"Your career? Your prospects?"

"Career! Prospects! How could they weigh against the happiness of the woman I love? Ah, sir! if you only understood what this woman's love and happiness mean to me. This is no guilty liaison. It is love, love. Money is nothing to us."

He tossed his cigarette away, and leaning forward continued:

"I am not an impulsive man, nor a reckless youth. For seven years I have suffered silently, fighting conscience, convention, and religious scruples. There has only been one woman in my life. For ten years she has suffered agonies, mated to a drunken beast. Not once in all these years have her lips murmured. Her dear blue eyes vainly tried to hide the tragedy from me." His voice hardened, and his eyes flashed. "Dare I repeat all she has suffered? Apart from the thousand daily humiliations, and the loathsome marital obligations her refined nature suffered, he has scourged her soul, beaten and foully contaminated her pure body, till God Himself will not permit the children to live. Tell me, sir, can law of God or man bind a woman after that?"

The grave voice, rich in tender sympathy, interposed. "My boy, it is an old, sad story. Cruel despair is almost justified, for this is one of the many wrongs from which there is no appeal. Only when the laws we make affect the women we love do we see the hideous injustice of them. But all the wrongs of the world cannot be righted in a day. Despair embitters our souls, but there is no redress. It is our misfortune to be victims of our age, and the tardy step of progress."

The younger man moved uneasily in his seat, but the determination in his face never faltered.

"God helps those that help themselves," he said, "and I am not going to throw away our happiness for the threats of the world. Love is the end of all things, and so long as we have love we shall be richer than our need."

Sir Antony sat up. A change swept over the tired, languid features. His voice was charged.

"My boy, you are right. Love is the one solace of humanity. Love is the one divine gift of God to man; but how many of us are worthy of it? You are surprised at my speaking to you like this."

A night hawk startled them with its cruel screech.

"I am going to re-open a buried chapter of my life," and as he spoke Sir Antony, the grim, silent official, became a boy with a soul. His voice was filled with a tenderness that no man had heard for twenty years.

"I also have loved one woman. She was the wife of a friend. In his excesses he became a brute. Her life was a hell. I loved her as a boy; while I struggled to win a name to offer her, she married. I came home to find her life what it was.

"Sympathy inflamed the old passion. I was strong and brave. The cross of life weighed lightly on my shoulders. We loved each other madly, and I brought her to India. We suffered at first from the world, but my love sufficed to shield her. No woman in the whole world could have been more loving, more thoughtful.

"I forgot she was a woman. My devotion became idolatry. How God must have smiled. She had a woman's besetting sin—a passion for admiration. All women have it, and it is the curse of their sex.

"The prosaic atmosphere of this tragic end is almost ridiculous. 'God is a jealous God, and His ways are manifest.' One night a thoughtless indulgence in wine, the inevitable other man—the magic of an Eastern night, and the woman I worshipped more than my God bartered my love, and permitted the lips I held sacred to be polluted. I saw her for one agonising moment in his arms.

"She did not love the man; it was merely the gratification of a physical desire. Women cannot realise the desecration one kiss may do to a man's trust. The idol I trusted and worshipped was shattered in a moment. The love I thought nothing in heaven or earth could alter crumpled to dust."

The low, tense voice ceased with almost a sob. The young man longed to extend his hand, but discretion bade him not.

Sir Antony wiped his brow. In his voice there was a sob as he continued:

"If your love is like mine was, then, for pity's sake, don't take the woman. If it is greater or lesser, enough to forgive a woman's faults, then try, with God's help, to find happiness. It is *the* great experiment. Life or death for the heart; against the wisdom of twenty years' study of humanity I bid you try."

Sir Antony rose and held out his hand.

The young man gripped it, and returned thoughtfully to his rooms. There he found a note from his beloved.

"I have thought, and thought, Danny," it ran, "and after all I dare not go. We should be miserable without means, and I can't face it. Oh! if only you had the Brute's money.—BELLE."

November in the Cornfields

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY B. WARD-THOMPSON

FIELD, STREAM and COVERT

A Kill with the West Norfolk Hounds

(A fully illustrated article dealing with this famous Hunt appears on pages 393, 394, and 395)

Manners in the Hunting Field

According to a correspondent, the Master of an important pack in the Midlands had occasion recently to administer some very severe reprimands to his field. How little, it seems, has the hunting field advanced in manners since Hugo Meynell, the father of foxhunting, used to grumble about the overriding of his hounds. To-day our M.F.H.'s have just the same cause for indignation. Only the mischief is greater now because there are many more people than formerly who ride to hounds without, apparently, troubling to acquaint themselves with the rudiments of the etiquette of the field. It is sometimes suggested that the hardest riders are the worst offenders, but I fancy this is not really true. You will find that your genuinely straight rider to hounds is a man who thoroughly knows the game, and though he may occasionally get too far forward, he is not likely to be a nuisance to the huntsman when hounds are brought to their noses. Observe a sudden check in a quick gallop, and you will generally see that the first-flighters are quick to draw rein when the huntsman puts up a warning hand. But up come the rank-and-file of the field on steaming horses, all riders talking of what they have done, and pushing forward eagerly so as not to be left behind if hounds should hit the line off again. Thus the difficulties of huntsman and pack are immensely augmented, and the patience of the long-suffering M.F.H. becomes exhausted.

A Drastic Measure

A few years ago the Duke of Beaufort stopped his hounds in the middle of the day and ordered them back to kennels in consequence of the persistently inconsiderate conduct of some of his followers. Unfortunately, this drastic measure has the demerit of punishing all who are out in common with a few offenders. That is why Masters hesitate to stop the sport, however sorely tried they may be, but it is much the sharpest reprimand an M.F.H. can possibly administer, and it was undoubtedly efficacious in the case of the Hunt just mentioned. The laws of hunting are neither numerous nor complicated, and it is a pity that so much good sport should be lost every season, and so many tempers spoilt, by the ignorance displayed by some riders on mere matters of form in the field. So far, the present season has been successful in most countries, the first fortnight of November having been associated with several clinking gallops. In the Shires the Quorn are at the top of their form, and Captain Forester is to be congratulated on showing some exceptionally enjoyable days.

Covert Shooting in Swing

Now that the last leaves of autumn have been scattered by the winds of a boisterous November, covert-shooting has begun in real earnest, and most of the chief parties of the season are being entertained this month. Fortunately, the rank failure of the partridges in many places is not to be repeated with the pheasants, for here the ravages of unkind weather may be effectually checked by artificial measures, and the keeper who really knows his business need not disappoint master and guests when the big days' shooting come round. Many of the old yarns are bound to go the round of the gun-rooms, and at Balmacaan, no doubt, they will tell again how Lord Howe, a season or two ago, killed four rabbits and two woodcock with only four shots—a puzzling performance, which wants some beating. Lord Howe, by the way, was one of the company with whom the King was shooting over the Houghton coverts last week. All who are bidden to the coverts cannot hope to be crack shots, even more than all riders to hounds can face the grim oxers and bullfinches of the Shires with a certainty of getting safely to the other side. Modest performers with the gun are inclined to wonder how many misses to kills a man may be allowed in the coverts without being considered an utter duffer. This obviously depends upon the shooter's individual methods, for the man who contents himself with comparatively easy shots and never goes out for really difficult ones will, other things being equal, be sure to have a better average than he who less carefully "picks" his birds. Taking the whole season through, and including partridge-driving late in the year, thirty kills out of a hundred shots is a respectable average in the opinion of some authorities. It is quite likely that old-time shooters had far better records all round than this. The reason is not that we are any worse shots than they were, but simply because our grandfathers were more scrupulous in choosing their birds, the labour of loading the old muzzle-loaders tending to make them loth to waste their powder on birds at doubtful range. A. W. C.

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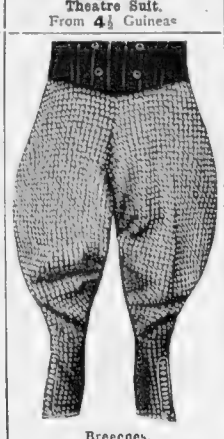

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GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Standardising the Golf Ball

"*L'appétit vient en mangeant*," as the French say, and the saying is applicable to golfing affairs. The vexed question of illegal clubs having been settled, some ardent spirits are now advocating the standardisation of the ball. The foremost advocates of this idea are Mr. Croome, among the amateurs, and Willie Park, among the professionals. Now, whatever may be one's views as to the policy or impolicy of the recent legislation against certain clubs, there is this to be said, that clubs are visibly illegal at a glance, according to the recent definitions. Balls, however, especially the rubber-cored ball and its allied makes, cannot be treated in the same way. So far as I can make out, the scheme of the standardisers is somewhat as follows: The interior of the balls is to be made entirely of rubber and covered with some suitable material, no limit being placed on size. All balls are to pass the test of not entirely sinking below the surface when placed in water. Balls to be used by competitors in all competitions are to be tested in this way by the secretaries of clubs or some responsible person. I have embodied in the above the gist of a letter addressed by Willie Park to *Golf Illustrated* on October 14 last. There may be other methods for carrying out the purposes of the standardisers, but so far Park is the only one who has had the courage to come from the abstract to the concrete by putting his ideas down in black and white.

Willie Park's Idea Examined

Park's idea of a test by floating, strangely reminiscent of the test applied in James I.'s time to the unfortunate women accused of witchcraft, would hardly be a sufficiently satisfactory method. Most of the present rubber-cored balls float. It would be somewhat invidious to pass a "Colonel" and to exclude a "Zodiac" on these grounds. But if the floating test be insufficient, how are we to ascertain the composition of the interior of the ball except by cutting it open? Apart from the expense involved, what player would care to subject his golf balls to such a test? That test is quite impracticable, because, though the first ball of a player's set might pass the test, it would afford no guarantee that the rest were legitimate. The matter has only to be examined for the fact to emerge that golf balls would have to be made and issued by some central authority according to one unvarying standard. Even if some standard were adopted by a central authority, such as the Rules Committee, what guarantee should we have that manufacturers were making golf balls in accordance with the authorised directions? The crux remains that the interior of the ball is the vital thing, and the composition of that interior can only be discovered by dissection. We are, therefore, driven to the final position that the central authority would have to manufacture the balls. Which, as Euclid used to say, is absurd. Personally, I don't see that the present ball is doing any harm to the game. Surely, players and manufacturers would not lightly submit to coercion in the matter of the balls they should use and make. The more the question of the standardisation of the ball is considered the less practicable does it appear. It is an *ignis fatuus* which had better be left in the sphere of fantasy, to which it properly belongs.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

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Our photograph was taken upon the occasion of the opening by the Countess Bathurst of the new spinning and weaving sheds which form the latest addition to Messrs. Apperly, Curtis and Co.'s Dudbridge Mills, Stroud, West of England. Her ladyship also presented the long-service medals—(a reproduction of one of these may be seen inset above)—to employees at the mills, and was herself presented with the casket (seen in the centre of the photograph), which contained the key controlling the electric starter of machinery. The firm is a shining example of how a great British industry (West of England cloth) is able to hold its own despite foreign competition

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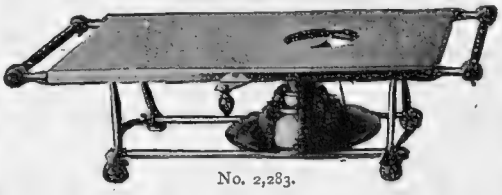

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He bids you go forth, proof 'gainst east wind or north,
And laugh at this Boreal Weather.

"PUNCH," 11th December, 1875.

DESIGNED to meet the desires and requirements of those who consider the ordinary "ton-weight" leather-lined motor coat irksome and oppressive, the "Anti-Borean" will be found to possess all the qualities indispensable at the sacrifice of none of the advantages. The lining is composed of a specially prepared leather which is quilted on to Italian cloth or check wool; it is entirely wind-proof, delightfully supple, and light in weight. In every detail this will be found a thoroughly practical and up-to-date Motor Coat.

Specification of the "Anti-Borean."

Cloth.
Real Irish Frieze.

Waterproof.
Nicoll's "Quicksilver" process, which gives perfect ventilation in addition to its water-resisting qualities.

Interlining.
Nicoll's "Anti-Borean" specially prepared leather, wind-proof.

Lining.
Italian Cloth quilted on to the "Anti-Borean" Interlining.

Finish.
Wind Cuffs, Leather or Horn Buttons. Skirts cut full to wrap well round the legs when seated. Strap at Back.

PRICE
(Ladies' or Gentlemen's)

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In stock ready for immediate wear, and can be sent on approval.

H. J. NICOLL & Co., Ltd.,

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PARIS: 29 and 31, Rue Tronchet. MANCHESTER: 10, Mosley Street.
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GAMES AND PASTIMES

The Redoubtable Oxford Rugger Fifteen: A Typical Attack

Our illustration of the match between the 'Varsity and Moseley on Wednesday last shows R. W. Poulton (inside left three-quarter) running with the ball, and about to pass it to W. P. Geen (outside left). Oxford won by 50 points to *nil*. They also scored 50 points against Richmond and 32 against Guy's—132 points in three matches

RUGBY FOOTBALL

Tall Scoring

If any of the old-time Rugby men who died twenty years or more ago could come to life again how astonished they would be at the tall scores that are quite common in these latter days. Instances of big scores were, of course, not unknown in the old days, but they were comparatively rare, and when they occurred it meant not only that one side was immeasurably superior to the other in weight, pace, and physique generally, but also that it played football of an entirely different class. Now, however, big scores are often met with in encounters between teams who are more or less on the same plane as regards both physique and skill, and they are the direct outcome of the modern practice of "opening up" the game which the legalisation of heeling-out from the scrummage has brought more and more into fashion, to the almost entire extinction of the old-fashioned "tight" scrum. Under the present conditions it is only necessary for one side to have forwards who can beat the others for possession of the ball twice out of three times and backs who can pass fairly accurately on the run, and any number of points may result. The other day I witnessed a match in which one side scored more than thirty points against the other, and yet, one-sided as the match was so far as the actual score went, it was not a bad game, nor were the losers in any sense overwhelmed or outclassed. Perhaps the best illustration of what I mean is afforded by the Richmond fifteen. No one can say that they are a bad side, and yet, on occasions when they have never got going properly, they have had scores run up against them which made them look on paper positively third-rate.

The Harlequins and Oxford

The two most prolific try-getting teams in the South at the present time are Oxford University and the Harlequins. Oxford actually scored as many as 132 points in the course of three matches—32 against Guy's Hospital, 50 against Richmond, and 50 against Moseley. Before the Guy's match they were beaten by the Harlequins by 13 points to *nil*, and it was certainly unlucky for them that in this, their most important, match they certainly did not

Kent v. Essex: The Kent Forwards Getting within the Circle

In this hockey match, at Blackheath, last Wednesday, Kent won by 8 goals to 1. Essex were not at full strength

Should we use Cosmetics?

WEBSTER gives the meaning of "cosmetic" as "any exte nal application intended to beautify and improve the complexion." If one accepts the dictionary meaning of the word "cosmetics," the answer to the above question must undoubtedly be—YES!

If, however, one applies the description to some of the dubious concoctions palmed upon the public under high-sounding names (and frequently at correspondingly high prices), which, under analysis, have been proved to be injurious to the skin, then the reply must emphatically be—NO!

The term "cosmetic" really comprehends every description of composition invented to preserve or heighten the beauty and lustre of the Complexion, to embellish the Skin, soften it, maintain its freshness and colour, and to prevent or arrest Wrinkles. Some writers have attempted to demonstrate the inefficacy of cosmetics, as well as their dangerous tendency; others have thought fit to proscribe them altogether. Without doubt, many of these compositions are not only useless, but, as has been already indicated really dangerous. Others are beneficial, and produce none but good effects.

An able and experienced physician has recently said that "cosmetics, in order to possess the properties requisite for improving and beautifying the skin, should contain nothing irritating, and the substances which form their basis should be in a state of great purity, being perfectly antiseptic." The eminent lady skin specialist who invented the famous "CYCLAX" REMEDIES has, from the first, emphasised the necessity for this ABSOLUTE PURITY, and no "Cyclax" preparation has ever been allowed to leave the laboratory at South Molton Street which has not first been subjected to the most exhaustive tests in order to ensure ABSOLUTE PURITY OF COMPOSITION; while, so far as daintiness, fragrance, and general effectiveness are concerned, *nothing less than the top-note in the scale of efficiency* can satisfy her.

As in Preparations—so in Methods

The presiding genius at the "Cyclax" Company's depot has consistently set her face against all operative measures. The "Cyclax" Company had the courage to issue

"A TIMELY WARNING"

to the public, strongly endorsing the remarks of Dr. Morgan Dockrell, the well-known Chesterfield Lecturer, who, in his opening address to the men and women students of St. John's Hospital, Leicester Square, recently called attention to the dangers which ladies run in submitting themselves to operations for the cure of facial defects at the hands of so-called "Beauty Doctors," who, in a large number of cases, are ignorant of anatomy and physiology.

The "Cyclax" Company felt that the time had come for them to make A PRONOUNCEMENT, in no uncertain terms, for the benefit of their Patrons and of the public generally. They therefore announced that there were **three things** which the "Cyclax" Company DOES NOT AND WILL NOT DO; namely (1) **Face Skinning** for the removal of Freckles or other superficial face blemishes; (2) **Hypodermic Injections** of a paraffin preparation for filling up lines and hollows; (3) **Operations by cutting,** *i.e.*, attempting to remove wrinkles by cutting parts of the skin away, drawing the edges together, and sewing them with a surgical needle. The "Cyclax" Company's Expert explained where the dangers in these methods lay, and that the public has been duly grateful for the exposé of the *modus operandi* of unqualified "Beauty" Surgeons is proved by the numbers of letters which have reached them from all parts of the world thanking them for their public-spirited action. That it was altogether justified has been amply proved by the publication in the *Daily News* of June 30, 1910, of the following particulars from the Paris Correspondent of that paper:—

"*DANGERS OF BEAUTY-CURE.*

"*Paris, Wednesday Night.*

"*For several years past beauty doctors have been "using hypodermic injections of paraffin for filling up "facial holes, levelling unsightly protuberances, and "even creating desirable ones. Drs. Thivierge and "Weissenbach have now, however, presented to the "Society of Dermatology a young woman of 26, whose "example should cause the seekers after beauty "made-to-order to hesitate. A year ago an operator "corrected the shape of the young woman's nose, after "which he set to work to beautify her forehead and "cheeks. The result is that her face is now completely "disfigured. Where the injections were made it shows "red swellings or lumps; her nose is puffy, and "her eyelids swollen. The general aspect shows "Leontiases—that is, tuberculous elephantiases of the "face. Dr. Pautrier has been consulted by three other "victims, whose cases he describes as truly desperate "and beyond his aid.*"

That HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY has been proved up to the hilt in the remarkable progress made by the "Cyclax" Remedies, and that NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS is evidenced by the astonishing increase in the number of "Cyclax" patrons since the beginning of the season. The "Cyclax" Treatment is successful because it is **Scientific, Intelligent, and Natural.** The "Cyclax" Remedies cleanse and purify the pores of the Skin, excite them to healthy action, and so develop the muscular tissue by nutritive means that flaccidity, depressions, and lines are rendered absolutely impossible. The "Cyclax" Treatment, therefore, makes the contour of the face **Perfect in Form, Firm in Character, and Permanently Beautiful.** It removes pimples, acne, blackheads, blotches, and undue redness of the Skin, restoring the soft, velvety, peach-like bloom WHICH IS THE HALL-MARK OF A PERFECT COMPLEXION.

A New Departure.

THE celebrated Lady Skin Specialist to whom the public owes the discoveries which led to the invention of the "Cyclax" Remedies, and who may now be consulted at the "Cyclax" Depot on each Tuesday and Thursday—provided appointments are made beforehand—has, in response to a widespread desire, arranged for a staff of lady-experts, personally trained by herself, to perform Facial Treatments under her supervision. A department has also now been established to give advice by letter to those ladies who cannot come to London. These communications are treated in the strictest confidence, and their contents never divulged.

Following is a brief, and necessarily incomplete, List of some of the Marvellous "Cyclax" Remedies for the Skin :—

"Cyclax" Skin Food. This unique preparation possesses marvellous properties. The skin absorbs it as a plant will absorb water; it feeds the tissues, and plumps them up; it cleanses the pores of all impurities, and it whitens the skin, while it builds up the flesh so that lines and wrinkles disappear, hollows cease to exist, and unnatural depressions regain their proper form. Price **4/-** or **7/6.**

"Cyclax" Salusta Lotion. This is quite a new and original Lotion, especially designed as a sedative and cooling agent, and it also acts as a perfect protection against the extremes of heat and cold. It will keep the skin in perfect health, and can be used in the daytime. It is most soothing, and gives the skin a most beautiful surface. Price **4/6** or **8/6.**

"Cyclax" Complexion Milk. This Preparation renders the skin most beautifully smooth, it eradicates lines, and closes up open pores. It prevents the muscles and skin from becoming relaxed, and forms a very important element in the "Cyclax" Treatment, inasmuch as it assists in producing that wonderful whiteness of the skin which can only be attained by its employment. Price **4/-** or **7/6.**

"Cyclax" Braceine. This is the lotion which supplies the stimulating element in the "Cyclax" Treatment. As its name implies, it braces up the skin and muscles so effectively that, after the use of only one bottle, patients have been known to look years younger than before its use. It keeps the skin in perfect health, stimulates the action, strengthens the tissues, and makes the face beautifully firm and of a youthful appearance. Price **4/-** or **7/6.**

"Cyclax" Special Lotion. This Lotion is one of the keynotes of the "Cyclax" Treatment. It absolutely removes acne, eczema, roughness, redness blackheads, and all acidity of and in the skin. It renders every pore free from all impurities, and the skin becomes beautifully transparent and of a most delicate whiteness. It can be confidently asserted that the results obtained by the use of this splendid Lotion are perfectly astounding. Price **5/6** or **10/6.**

"Cyclax" Soap. This rare and beautiful Soap is prepared most carefully. The formula contains ingredients which whiten and soften the skin in a most remarkable manner. Savon "Cyclax" is not a soap in the ordinary sense, as it is really a special Preparation. The lather it makes upon the skin is most beautiful, and it is really as emollient as washing in milk. Price **3/6** per tablet.

"Cyclax" Transforming Lotion. This Lotion imparts to the skin a beautiful transparent whiteness. It is a protective agent against all changes of temperature and the effects of exposure of all kinds. It prevents the dust from settling into the pores, and it imparts a perfect surface and appearance, and it also renders the skin soft and firm. Price **3/6** or **6/6.**

The "Cyclax" Chin Strap A most perfect device, which is quite simple and inexpensive, it lifts up those muscles which are active in restoring the contour of the Face, and, used in conjunction with **"Cyclax" Throat Lotion,** it removes all flabbiness of flesh under the chin, cures relaxed muscles, and takes away all lines.
Price of Chin Strap, **6/6.**
Price of Throat Lotion, **7/6.**

Write for the Valuable Book entitled "THE CULTIVATION AND PRESERVATION OF NATURAL BEAUTY," which will be sent Free to Readers of this Paper.

The "Cyclax" Company

58, South Molton Street, London, W.

shine. Staleness may possibly have been the reason of it, for only a few days before they had had a gruelling match with another first-rate team, the Services, whom they had beaten by 27 to 3. However, the defeat by the Harlequins evidently acted as a tonic.

The 'Varsities Compared

Cambridge in the meanwhile have almost been over-shadowed by their brilliant rivals, and people are beginning to look on the 'Varsity match at Queen's on December 13 as a foregone conclusion for Oxford. It is not quite that. Cambridge are a good side, well up to the ordinary 'Varsity average, and they are improving every time they play, but they have not got the scoring power of Oxford, and unless they can get Oxford absolutely beaten forward they can hardly hope to win. I hear, by the way, on the best authority, that although the critics are almost unanimous in saying that Poulton ought to play on the wing, if only because he scored five tries in that position against Cambridge last year, Poulton himself is absolutely bent on playing centre. He has certainly been getting on all right with Geen (who is supposed to be better in the centre, by the way) outside him, and probably the captain will decide to leave well alone.

HOCKEY

The Counties

County matches are now in full swing. On Wednesday last Kent put a strong team into the field (H. M. Tennent being practically the only absentee of their first choices) against Essex. It included the two 'Varsity backs, C. S. Atkin and C. S. Hurst (who are now playing for Beckenham), and E. M. Guildford, the Cambridge forward. Essex, on the other hand, were weakly represented, and were beaten easily by 8—1. On the same day, at Richmond, Sussex put up an unexpectedly good fight against the powerful Surrey eleven. With twenty minutes still to go the scores were level at three all, but thereafter Surrey did the most attacking, and although Sussex defended stubbornly, the incomparable Shoveller, rising to the occasion, as he always does, scored twice, and so enabled Surrey to win by 5—3. A rather unexpected result was the defeat of Middlesex by Oxfordshire, who, with several 'Varsity players in their ranks, are quite a hot side. The score was 6—2 in Oxfordshire's favour, but it is only fair to add that Middlesex, besides not being at full strength, were a man short for best part of the first half, and it was during this period that Oxfordshire scored three of their goals. I was speaking just now of the prevalence of tall scoring in Rugger, and it is a curious coincidence that in hockey likewise there has been quite an epidemic of big scores by individual players. Among those who have been doing the most damage in this line lately are J. B. Brooks, the Oxford forward, who shot six goals against the Trojans and seven against the United Services, and S. H. Saville, the Cambridge forward, who is one of the most accurate shots ever seen. He has a total of more than twenty goals to his credit already. Other prolific goal-getters are H. Doherty, who hit six goals for Kingston Hill against Tulse Hill, and (it is almost needless to add) S. H. Shoveller.

RACING NOTIONS: Manchester. By CARBINE

Wootton and the Jockey Club

I think most of us received the verdict in the Wootton case with relief. The boy's brilliant horsemanship has made him a great favourite with the public, and we rejoice to know that the Stewards of the Jockey Club have been able, after a most searching and exhaustive inquiry, to exonerate him from the charge of a detestable malpractice. The case only shows us once again what a tremendous power the jockeys hold in the racing world. An owner may spend a small fortune upon his horse, the trainer may pass many anxious months in preparing him for some great and legitimate triumph, yet as soon as the animal has left the paddock the entire issue, upon which many tens of thousands may depend, rests with the mannikin in the saddle. The jockeys bear an enormous responsibility, and it is only right that their riding should be rigorously supervised. We have to thank the Stewards of the Jockey Club for their vigilance in protecting owners and the public when there are definite grounds for suspicion. People sometimes grumble about the Jockey Club and their methods, but how can they be improved upon?

The Manchester November Handicap

For the last big event of the season on the flat there will be a big field, as nearly all left in the race are fancied. Admiral Togo won comfortably last year under 7st. 2lb., and he has now to carry 8st. 11lb. Another former winner in Old China will only have one pound more to carry than when she won a couple of seasons ago, and there are distinct possibilities about this mare. The same may be said for the resurrected Pillo, who would easily win under the weight he has been allotted were he to have recovered his old form. In addition we have all the first four in the Derby Cup, Columbus, Merry Task, Accurate, and Toyshop, and of these the last two have the best of the weights, and should run well. One of the bottom weights whose chance greatly appeals to me is Tweedledum, whose form has been consistently good for several months past. Anchora is said to have been reserved for this race, and many people believe in Atty's prospects, and on some form Pure Gem could win. You see, therefore, it is a very pretty problem, and I think the issue will rest between **Tweedledum** and **Accurate**, while Toyshop should be worth backing for a place. On Thursday **Hamerton** may win the Delamere Handicap and **Piquet** the Cuerdon Plate. In the Lancashire Nursery on Friday we must give the **Derelict colt** another run, for he was again unlucky to lose last week. It may fall to **Mustapha** or his stable companion, **Buckwheat**, to win the last race of the year on Saturday.

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Tailors & Breeches Makers.

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The new Frock Overcoat which we are introducing this season will appeal irresistibly to the critical taste of the man about town. Its appearance is at once elegant and debonair. We have had the privilege of making this coat for many of the leading West-End actors, and it is a production which carries with it that note of distinction so beloved by the well-dressed man.

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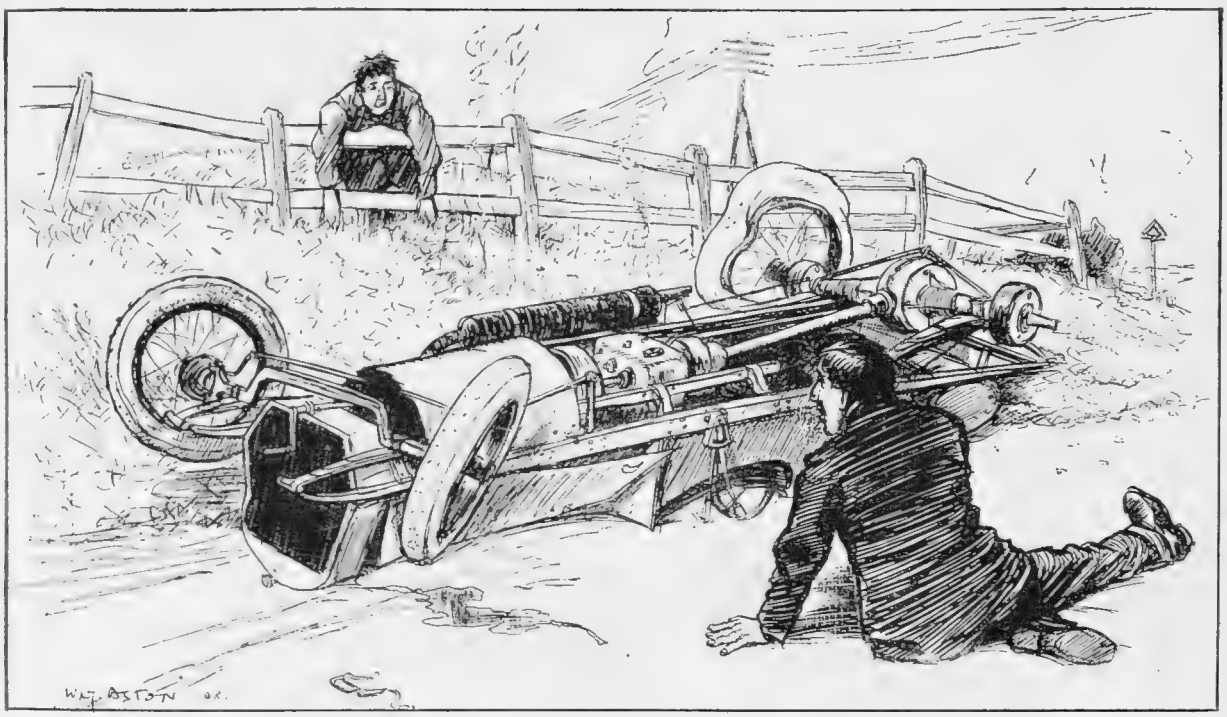
MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

Aftermath

There are several controversial matters hanging heavily in the atmosphere of the Olympia Show now happily done. I referred to one of them last week—the American "dump," to wit. The position so far as that is concerned is the *status quo*. We still await the "delivery of the goods." Meanwhile there is the little matter of the challenge thrown down most valiantly by Mr. S. F. Edge against the manufacturers of the Knight engine. As I have already pointed out in these notes, the Knight engine is steadily recruiting adherents. Olympia held a Knight Rover, a Knight Mercédès, a Knight Panhard, a Knight Minerva, and a Knight Daimler. That is progress, and the increasing output of the Daimler Company, which first adopted this form of power-plant, is sufficiently reliable evidence that the engine is functioning satisfactorily in the hands of the private owner. The test of experience on the road and outside the influence of the selling company is, in the final analysis, the only test that matters. I may point out, and continue so to point until the air is most beautifully blue, that all the records for speed on the track, and officially observed reliability trials on the road, are held by poppet-valve engines, but that would leave the private motorist, whose sliding-valve Knight engine had proven equal to all his requirements, entirely unaffected.



The Optimist: "Well, there's one thing about it, Ted, we need not worry about a bloomin' inspection pit now!"

Sleeves and Poppets

The slide-valve may be as far superior to the old valve as its inventor claims. There may be no material difference between the two, as others allege. Or the slide-valve may be quite inferior to the poppet, as some manufacturers of the latter suggest. It makes no difference to the man who is convinced out of his own experience that his Knight engine is the better. From the little running knowledge I have of it, the sleeve-valve machine has a notable sweetness and silence, and gives a great elasticity of power—that delightful quality which is commonly known as flexibility. But, then, this same feature is an outstanding characteristic of a considerable number of poppet-valve engines of my intimate acquaintance. So that I should not be prepared to affirm a superiority in one form over the other in practice. What I *am* justified in anticipating is a radical alteration in the normal form of valve mechanism; and I do hold that the Knight engine has submitted to demonstration that sleeve-valves, while being in the nature of revolutionary change, have been able to win through the most strenuous official tests with high credit, which has been quite satisfactorily maintained in private experience. Whether the engine could run as the Napier (on behalf of which Mr. Edge enters the lists) ran for twenty-four hours on the track at something over 60m.h.p., or whether it is flexible enough to reach Edinburgh and return on top-gear at 20m.h.p., has as much to do with the case as "the flowers that bloom in the spring tra la." It is not a reflection upon the Napier car that the two-year-old Daimler challenge remains unaccepted, and it certainly does not reflect upon the Daimler car that the S. F. Edge challenge is ignored.

Outstanding Features

That matter apart, the outstanding features (enthusiasts will read sensations) of the present Show may be briefly summarised thus:

(1) A considerable increase in the number of six-cylinder vehicles of comparatively low horse-power. (2) A very large addition to the four-speed gear-box (practically every manufacturer having fitted the majority of his models with this type). (3) A tendency to fit a tyre of more ample diameter than was customary last year. (4) Some coach-building atavism, the body-maker displaying a kind of sneaking regard for the old type of touring body by making for us a very fine compromise between that and the newer type of torpedo. I do not know to what extent the small-powered six-cylinder vehicle may forecast a definite tendency. The "six" is, of course, the smoothest running engine of them all, but hitherto it has been regarded as a luxury rather than necessity by the motorist of strictly limited purse. But if the machinery of production can be developed to a point which will make a six-cylinder possible without material increase of cost, then undoubtedly it will meet a want and find demand waiting upon it. The other details referred to may all quite safely be passed as making for efficiency and comfort. Four speeds in a gear-box, so long as they may be controlled easily and readily, will enable the driver to keep his engine turning nearer to its highest point of power than was possible with the three-speed box. And that is, of course, highest utility, particularly in the case of low-powered cars.

Six-cylinder Noiseless Napier cars are immensely popular in India, the Viceroy and many native Princes all favouring them. Napiers are the best and British-built, and are suitable for all countries.

Miscellanea

I have received a copy of the "Motorists' Atlas of the British Isles," prepared and issued by the Continental Tyre Company—a very fine publication indeed. Carefully prepared and indexed, it conveys everything a man with a car would want to know on the road as to route in the readiest and most helpful form. Compact and strongly bound, it can be carried in the coat or car pocket, and is immediately available. At the price (4s.) a gift.

"Art and the Man"

There is a very prevalent conviction among men that, to be well-dressed, it is necessary to go to some West-End tailor for one's clothes, and pay exorbitant prices for the privilege. As a result, those who cannot afford to pay, say, seven guineas for a lounge suit, often appear shoddily dressed in a badly fitting suit. The fact is that they have not troubled to seek out for themselves a firm where they can procure a smart West-End cut at little more than half West-End prices. There are such firms. To instance one of whom I have personal knowledge, Messrs. Pope and Bradley, of 13, Southampton Row, are doing an enormous business in this direction. They employ the very best West-End cutters, and are always in the van of fashion's progress. Of course, the secret of their success is that they are cash tailors, and their enormous annual turnover, on the net cash basis, enables them to give the very best work at lowest possible prices. The names of many actors, generally considered among the best-dressed of men, are to be found upon the firm's books. Messrs. Pope and Bradley issue an illustrated catalogue, entitled, "Art and the Man," which is extremely useful and comprehensive, in that all the illustrations are sketches from actual photographs, and are, therefore, exact reproductions of the clothes the firm makes. How different from the lifeless pictures, with their eternal sameness, usually to be found in tailors' catalogues. Then, again, in this useful little book full information is given of the new style in evening suits, which is an immense improvement on any previous fashion.

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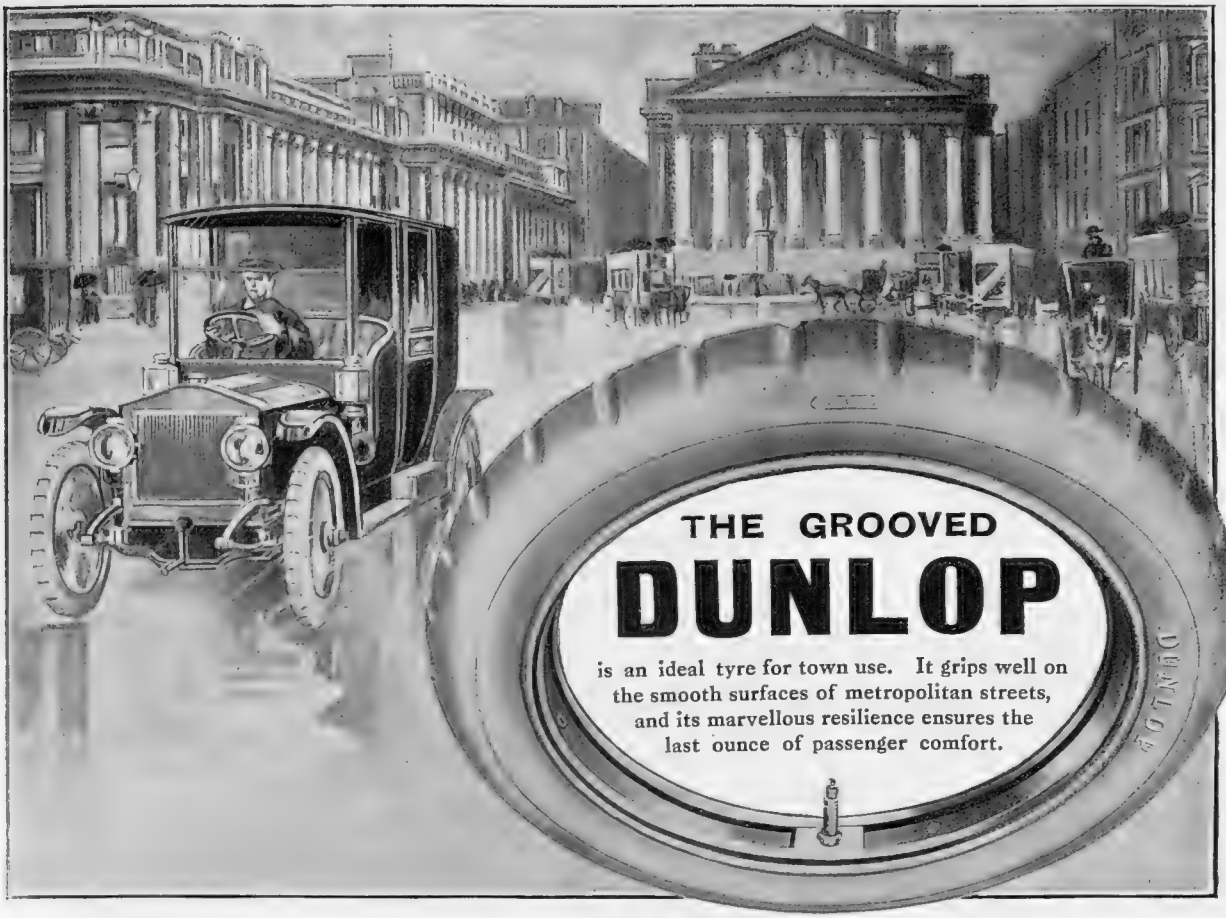
"BLACK & WHITE" BRAND.



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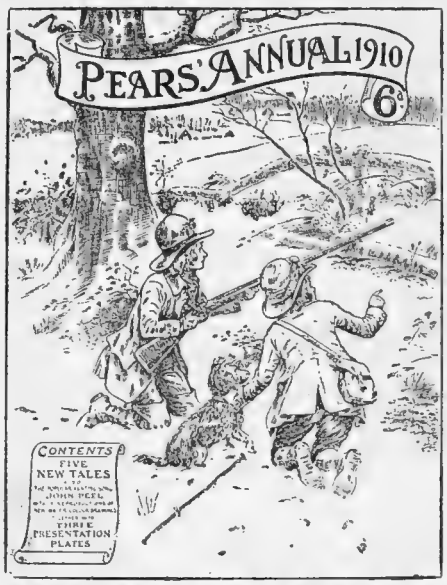

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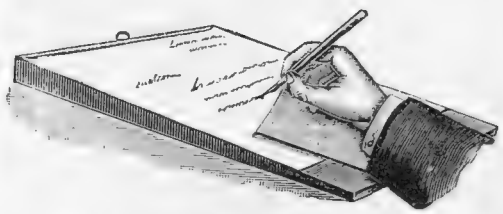

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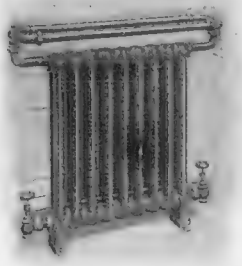

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Mea Culpa

There are only two tragedies in life—one is to be unread, the other is to be misread by Mr. Clement Shorter. He really has misread THE BYSTANDER of November 2. Those who are interested must turn to the *Sphere* of November 12, though I think everyone who cares about literature looks forward and reads with eagerness Mr. Shorter's delightful *causerie* about men and books. There is a sort of immortality in being misunderstood by so charming a critic; in being corrected by so genial a mentor. Owing to my horrible handwriting there *was* a misprint in THE BYSTANDER, for which I am wholly responsible. I know when you have made an error you should always refer carelessly to the "printer's devil." I sometimes wonder what that vague, but (when I have met him) charming, personality—calls me. I hope it is nothing worse than "devil"; there are more opprobrious designations. However, I must occupy the stocks. I cannot allow another to suffer. In quoting from a translation of Goethe quoted by Mrs. T. P. O'Connor I wrote "*waiting*," but I forgot to cross the T. The printer, of course, reproduced it correctly from my MS. as "*wailing*." I did not notice my own mistake in proof. Mr. Shorter represents me as saying that the lines "*were not translated* till long after Sala's death." I said, "the version was not *published* till long after Sala's death." As I published the wrong version myself I must really be allowed to know. The lines are misquoted by Oscar Wilde in *De Profundis*, which was not issued till 1905. Mr. Shorter's version is the right version—"Weeping and *watching* for the morrow." Wilde's misquotation (copied by Mrs. O'Connor, who unconsciously suggests their recitation by Sala at his death) is "Weeping and *waiting* for the morrow." Sala died, as Mr. Shorter reminds us, in 1895, ten years *before* I issued Wilde's misquotation, which he did not write till 1897; to be exact, two years after Sala's death, and not published by me until five years after Wilde's death.

A Bawbee for Bobby

The point is really unimportant, except to bibliographers. Mr. Shorter regrets that he never knew Carlyle. Here I have the advantage of him. I used to see that bleak old sage when I lived as a child in Chelsea. I regarded him with extraordinary aversion and fear. Though my parents did not move in literary circles or in the brilliant artistic life that

F. R. (Running to Earth the Last of the Whiskeries): "Come and be in at the death"

(This drawing, the result of the haunting "Whiskers and Soda" advertisement on the motor-omnibuses which pass Charles Sykes's studio in the Brompton Road, was sent by that artist to Frank Richardson, somewhat to the latter's surprise)

was humming around us in Cheyne Walk, they revered Mr. Carlyle as a Scotsman who shed lustre on the race inhabiting the northern part of this island. They clothed their minds in intellectual kilts; and I, their child, was also clothed for a brief period in that revolting costume which led to an early, premature sympathy for the perpetrators of the Glencoe massacre. The Ross tartan is particularly hideous, and wounded my nascent æsthetic sense. We were not even entitled to wear it, having no connection with the noble family which bears our name. That offended my sense of propriety quite apart from the skirts, which I thought effeminate. However, they must have attracted the attention of the author of *Sartor Resartus*. He patted my head on several occasions, and addressed me in language generally incomprehensible to my little Cockney ears. One day he inquired my name. I replied that it was "Bobby." He animadverted thereon, in words I do not profess to remember, and urged that it should be "Robbie"—a reminiscence, no doubt, of Burns. This was faithfully reported by my nurse on returning home, and from that day I was called "Robbie." One day I was sent to post a letter. I suppose I was older; though unconscious, as always, of anything ahead, I cannoned into Carlyle. The impact laid me flat on the pavement, where I yelled for some minutes, though soothed eventually by England's great thinker. And then—this is the point of the story—Carlyle dived into his pockets, produced a halfpenny, and said kindly, "Here is a bawbee for Bobby." He had quite forgotten (and this hurt me) that my name had been changed out of deference to his opinion. I have the halfpenny to this day. When Mr. Carlyle died I was put into deep mourning. He was the first, and perhaps the most interesting, of all my street acquaintances.

"Bracken"

There is obviously a growing fashion for black magic novels, or, rather, the revival of an old one. They are nearly all derived, directly or indirectly, from Lytton, who is, I believe, quite shelved. Anyone can quarry from him undisturbed or unsuspected. Several modern writers—Mr. Robert Hichens, for instance—have written better books than *Zanoni*, but none of them have equalled *The Strange Story*, the most blood-curdling, supernatural book in the language. Bulwer Lytton must be accepted as the "Ionian father of the rest." In modern times the only tale in which literary merit and mystic Lyttonism are so nicely adjusted is *The Lost Stradivarius*, by J. M. Falconer. While no one has forgotten that Mr. Henry James did not disdain competition in the same lists with his masterly *Turning of the Screw*. Mudie, I suppose not understanding these stories, circulated them freely; but has refused his *nihil obstat* to Mr. John Trevena's *Bracken* (Alston Rivers: 6*s*.). That is the best recommendation I can give the novel. The late Pope, Leo XIII. (or was it Pius IX.?), asked to help an author's book, said: "I will put it on the *index expurgatorius*, my son; that is all I can do for you." I don't know if Mudie is a person, or a condition, or a committee. I often suspect that "he" and the Lord Chamberlain exchange their duties out of boredom. That may account for the arbitrary, wayward decision of both censorships. Lord Spencer looks to me exactly what I fancy Mudie ought to be like. However, I don't wonder he was shocked (if he it was) at the frankness of *Bracken*, especially in the first chapters. Even late Victorians would have reeled. There is great fascination in *Bracken*, though I think it might have been just as powerful without the forced symbolism. Mr. Trevena is a writer of real distinction, with a powerful, though rather morbid, imagination.

"A Blackwood Story"

Anyone old enough to remember Lytton's books will recall the *deus ex machina* who acted the part of Mr. Redford or Mudie over the destinies of the various characters—the *Dweller on the Threshold*. Here, again, we owe a debt to Mr. Hichens for humanising that mysterious being by asking him to leave the threshold and take tea. If that invitation had not been accepted, *The Human Chord* of Mr. Algernon Blackwood (Macmillan: 6*s*.) would have been a different sort of novel. There the relation to Mr. Hichens ends. Though Lytton is the only begetter of these "ensuing novels," no other living author, even Mr. Trevena, can curdle the whey in our veins like Mr. Blackwood. He is much better than the magazine. A "Blackwood story" means much more than it ever did before. I can imagine a preacher making a good Christmas sermon from the pages, though, let me hasten to add, there is nothing didactic in the narrative. But you could certainly point a moral without destroying the tale, which records how four people could not pronounce the unknown name of the Supreme Being. One of them dropped an "h" or made a false quantity—this will appeal to schoolboys who have experienced the consequence of a defective ear. I wish, however, Mr. Blackwood would imitate Lytton in his nomenclature. What a horrid name *Philip Skale* is. The poetry of his prose is marred by others. "His highest destiny was upon the unchanged old earth . . . into Miriam . . . and *Winky*"; and again, "Unmanned and shaking like a leaf, *Spinrobin* pressed her against his heart." Somehow, you cannot believe in the psychic adventures of people called "Winky" and "Spinrobin." They sound like music-hall favourites. "Spinrobin, the limit of eccentricity"—"Winky, England's Roosevelt of rubbish"—for six nights only. ROBERT ROSS.

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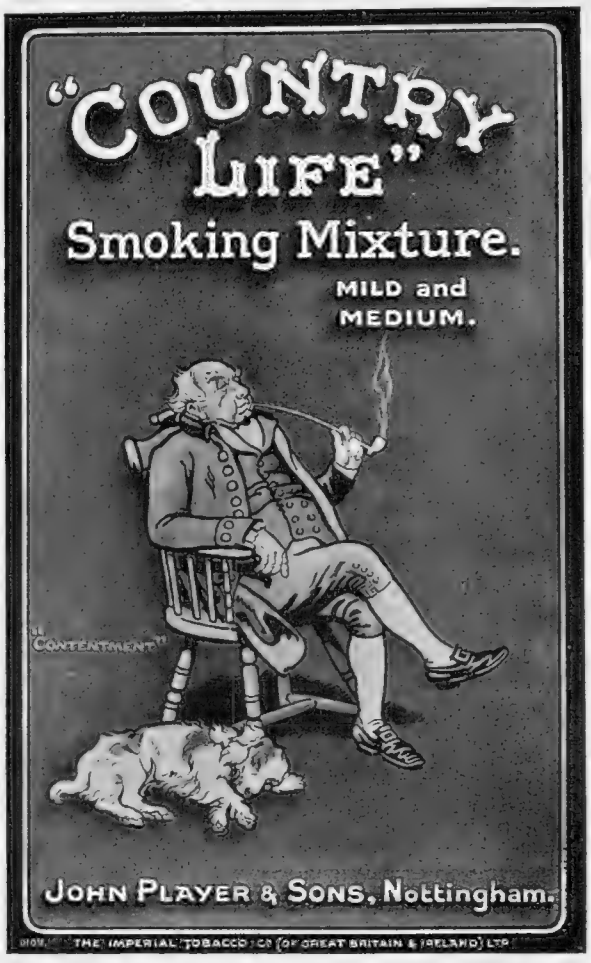

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By MRS. JACK MAY

"WE live in stirring times," as the old rustic in Hardy's book remarked when the second hayrick caught fire. And of a truth we do, no matter from what aspect life is viewed. One bows the head before the storm, and trusts that some specially kind fate will spare us the ordeal of facing the Bankruptcy Court. It is a sign of the times that the Christmas shopping has already begun. A great truth was surely foreshadowed in that couplet of Lewis Carroll's, "Hunting of the Snark":

We frequently breakfast at afternoon tea
And dine on the following day.

One of the leading excitements and expenditures has to do with dance dresses. The dancing season has commenced, and the ardent exponents of the Boston and the Two-Step are deep in argument as to the rival merits of these latter-day equivalents of the waltz. I hear of a new *divertissement*, the name of which has escaped me, except that "Aero" comes into the composition of it. The dance, however, is distinguished by a flying movement, which one imagines might be exceedingly effective—or the reverse.

Meanwhile, it is not difficult to understand how, under such terpsichorean auspices, the short dance-dress continues to find a fair field and all the favour.

Ninon Tunics Embroidered in Woolwork

The prophesied acceptance of fur in connection with evening frocks has not, so far, been emphatically emphasised over here. Models so adorned are to be seen, of course, but they are sufficiently rare as to be conspicuous. A notably original model revealed to me the other day was of delicate smoke-grey satin, the tunic of greenish-yellow *ninon*, nearly chartreuse, hemmed with a deep border of white fur, above which came an embroidery in the form of wreaths worked in wool in tempered dahlia tones.

In another instance a gown executed throughout in a shade of ripe wheat had the inevitable *ninon* tunic, hemmed with a narrow line of dark brown, above which came a deep application of blurred white lace, placed flat on the under-dress of satin, and rendered doubly mysterious beneath the veiling of *ninon*. Myself, I love the flimsy little dance-dress decreed at the moment, and am even moved to give praise to the clever robes that are being turned out by the gross in the City. A sign of the times, again, an it please you, is the vastly improved taste of the populace, who will nowadays have none of your over-trimmed atrocities allied to evil cut, for at last the truth has gone home, and is bearing fruit, that it is just as easy, while you are about it, to essay a good as a bad cut. And line is the fetich of the hour.

An Early Georgian Walking-Dress
This is particularly charming when built of grey velveteen toned to the squirrel stole and muff
(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

An Early Georgian Walking-Dress

Diving into the recesses of an absorbing book of costumes of all ages the other day, Mrs. Dorothy Millar emerged the richer for an inspiration, which she has illustrated. Although conforming to the prevailing decrees of slimness, this model, which could be made up either as a coat or a costume, is designed for velveteen. Grey would be particularly charming toned to the squirrel stole and muff. And that is the expression depicted. I have a fancy, *moi je vous dise*, for sapphire-blue, worn with bear or skunk, but in any case there would be retained, as a distinctive note, the deep-folded sash of black satin, which serves to accentuate the high waist-line.

And the toque should correspond with the costume, the crown being of velvet set within a brim of the fur, and ornamented with a lace quill. Which reminds me to point out the little frill of some good lace appearing at the throat, a softening touch that is repeated round the edge of the long, close-fitting sleeves

Blouses at John Barker's, Kensington

Fame has long been firmly established at this Kensington emporium in the cause of blouses. Illuminative evidence, indeed, was afforded of the powers they wield only last week, when a special show and sale of Paris models was held. Many of the models bore the magic name of Elise Poret, while others of lingerie character breathed of fastidious French taste and workmanship in every line of their dainty fashioning. Such an engrossing theme, forsooth, are blouses at John Barker's, an illustrated catalogue, exclusively devoted to the matter, has been issued, and from that may be gleaned, to a far more profitable end than any cursory description of mine, how completely the ground is covered, of what admirable efficiency is the taste, while a personal inspection of the actual goods puts the coping-stone on the resolution to buy blouses at John Barker's for ever more.

A Specialist in Veils is Madame Sanger, 36, Sloane Street

Times without number I have extolled in these pages the crystal clear advantage of dealing with a specialist where clothes and toilette accessories are in question. There is everything to gain in such a procedure—choice, quality, and price—since those who buy exhaustively always command good markets. So it is with Madame Sanger, who stands on that soundest of reputations, one that has successfully stood the test of many years.

To say that there are stacks of veilings at 36, Sloane Street in no wise exaggerates the position. A great seduction of the moment is provided in a silk Shetland, in two weights, especially devised for hunting. The lighter, clearer quality, however, falls quite into the present prevailing taste for ordinary use. The wear to be got out of these silk Shetlands is extraordinary, while they retain to the end their particular character. But there are veils to suit every taste, and in particular some complexion veils. These are lined with pale pink tulle, over which the boldest black open-work fancies are disposed, and, what is more to the point, can be worn with the utmost comfort.

Another most alluring offering here that may with all confidence be included in the Christmas gift-list comprises some dainty little coloured *crêpe-de-chine* handkerchiefs. Finished with a tiny hemstitched border, these dainty *mouchoirs* can be had in almost any colour, and look charming tucked into the front of the bodice or peeping out of a muff or reticule.

Then that classic, the tailor-made country shirt, has for long been a source of profit and pleasure both to Madame Sanger and her large *clientèle*. These shirts, it is scarcely necessary to say, are all made to special measure, Madame Sanger having far too exigent a taste to attempt any generalising on a demand that proceeds steadily year in and year out at 36, Sloane Street, exclusive materials being supplied to suit the respective seasons.

The Menu: SOME SAVOURY CHEESE DISHES

Cheese Puffs
Cheese Soufflé
Little Cheese Custards
Tomato Cheese Croûtons
Cream of Cheese
Egg and Cheese Toast
Cheese Straws

Cheese Puffs

Grate 2oz. of Gruyère cheese, put it into a basin, and mix with it a teaspoonful of grated horseradish, a pinch of cayenne, and the white of an egg whisked stiffly; stir in enough fine breadcrumbs to bind the mixture. Make this up into small balls, and fry them in deep, very hot fat to a golden colour. Drain, dish up, and serve hot.

Cheese Souffle

Mix a teaspoonful of flour very smoothly with half a pint of milk, a little salt and pepper; simmer the mixture over the fire, stirring all the time, till it is as thick as melted butter; stir into this about 8oz. of Parmesan or Gruyère cheese (the latter is best). Turn it into a basin and mix with the yolks of four well-beaten eggs. Whisk the whites to a solid froth, and just before the soufflé is baked put them into it, and pour the mixture into a soufflé dish, which should be only half filled. Time to bake, twenty minutes to half an hour.

Little Cheese Custards

Grate finely 3½oz. of cheese and mix it with one egg, add a quarter of a pint of boiling milk, pour the mixture into small fireproof dishes, and bake from ten to fifteen minutes. Serve hot in the dishes.

Tomato Cheese Croûtons

Stew ½lb. of tomatoes in butter until tender with a small onion cut up finely, rub all through a sieve, adding a small quantity of cream, or milk if the former is not procurable. Replace the tomato in the pan, and add to it enough grated cheese to make it like a thick cream, season with white pepper, and place a little of the mixture on croûtons of fried bread. Serve very hot.

Cream of Cheese

Make some squares of hot buttered toast, place on a hot dish, and keep hot. Melt ½lb. of cheese in a little saucepan with 1oz. of butter and three tablespoonfuls of cream (or milk), pepper, and salt. When of the consistency of very thick custard, pour it over the toast and serve.

Egg and Cheese Toast

Pound the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs with 1oz. of butter, and add 2oz. of grated Cheddar or Gruyère cheese, add salt and cayenne to taste, also a little mustard. Cut some buttered toast into rounds or squares, spread the mixture thickly on them, and brown them in a sharp oven. Dish up and serve hot.

Cheese Straws

Make a paste with 6oz. of flour, 4oz. of butter, 3oz. of grated cheese, and as little water as possible; season it with salt, pepper, and cayenne to taste, roll it out thin, cut into narrow strips, brush over with yolk of egg, and bake in a moderate oven. Serve hot. EMILIA.

Nourishment and Luxury

can both be obtained at a low cost by using Currants in one of the many forms in which they are so agreeable to the palate. Everybody likes Christmas pudding, mince pie, Eccles cake, and Currant bread. But those are only a few of the delicious preparations in which Currants play a leading part. Bear in mind that it is the *Currants* which provide the flavour and the nutriment in all those good things. You can extend your knowledge of cookery, and provide a sweet course which will charm all who sit at table, by the use of the simple recipes contained in that most useful little Currant recipe book, which your own grocer will give you quite free of charge. They are all good and cheap.

"SÉDUCTION"

THE BEST PERFUME OF THE DAY

GELLÉ FRÈRES

PARIS

EXTRACT
POWDER
SOAP
LOTION, etc.

The Editor's Box

New West-End Cigar Premises

The new premises which have recently been opened by Messrs. Whitmore and Bayley, of St. Michael's House, Cornhill, E.C., at 163, Piccadilly, W., to serve as a West-End branch, are far in advance of anything we have hitherto seen in the way of similar establishments. Situated opposite the end of Old Bond Street, the lofty, spacious premises have a commanding appearance, and constitute a very fine example of luxurious shop-fitting. The entire scheme, outside and in, is carried out in the finest egg-shell-polished light oak. Counters, lockers, show-cases, all are finished in lavish manner, while beyond is a lounge, equipped with green morocco Chesterfields, wherein customers can sample at their ease, or chat with their friends. The modern cigar buyer is by no means content to sit, as did his forbears, on an upturned tub, resting on the sanded floor of a low-ceilinged old shop. He must have a luxury commensurate with the age in which he lives. At Whitmore and Bayley's he gets, not only luxury in his surroundings, but the right stuff from Havana—fine sizes of the leading brands, carefully selected for consumption by men who know a good cigar.

Macintosh's New Catalogue

We have received a copy of the new illustrated catalogue issued by Mr. Macintosh, 89, New Street, Birmingham, the sportsmen's outfitter. In it we find all we want to know about every conceivable garment, from dressing-gowns, smoking-jackets, and knitted waistcoats to mufflers, sweaters, knitted hose, etc. Also travelling rugs, umbrellas, handkerchiefs, etc. The distinguished patrons for shirts and gloves are too numerous to mention, but they include five dukes, four marquises, twenty-five earls, seven countesses, eleven viscounts, twenty-six barons, and a host of others. The catalogue will be forwarded to any address upon application.

Exhibition Awards

Messrs. Tecla, famous for their Tecla pearls and diamonds, have been awarded a Gold Medal at the Brussels Exhibition.

Messrs. Hy. Wh[illegible]way and Co., Ltd., the Orchards, Wi[illegible]nple, Devon, the famous cyder and cydrax manufacturers, have been awarded four first prizes out of five exhibits at the Brewers' Exhibition.

The "Berkefeld" Filter has been awarded three Grand Prix and one Diploma of Honour at the Brussels Exhibition, 1910.

"Baily's Hunting Directory, 1910-11"

The fourteenth annual edition of this work, whose utility is so widely recognised, appears, as usual, with the advent of the hunting season. This issue makes an advance even on the high standard which has marked its predecessors, and it is not too much to say that there is little that is worth knowing about the hunts and hunting which is not found within its covers. The editors have added yet more new features, which are calculated to increase the value of the work as one of reference. The "Hunting Diary" added last year was highly appreciated, and is again included, extending for the period from November to April inclusive, so that the sport of each day throughout the season may be conveniently recorded. There are also a few pages at the beginning of the "Diary" for cubhunting memos and other notes. Altogether, "Baily's Hunting Directory" is full of good things, and should be in the library of everyone interested in the sport. The "Directory" is published at 5*s.* by Messrs. Vinton and Co., 8, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C. It can also be had in a handsome red leather binding for 7*s.* 6*d.*

Richmond Royal Horse Show

The directors of the Richmond Royal Horse Show, after careful consideration, and in accordance with the wishes expressed by all the leading exhibitors, have decided to hold next year's show on Friday and Saturday, June 9 and 10. This will avoid bringing the show into Ascot week, and is practically a return to the old dates which for many years were found most convenient. Already the authorities are at work upon the arrangements for this popular summer function.

West London Hospital

His Majesty the King has graciously consented (through his Grace the Duke of Abercorn, K.G.) to become patron of the West London Hospital, Hammersmith Road, W., in succession to his late father, King Edward VII. The Queen's mother, the Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, always took a warm interest in this institution, where there is a ward (the Mary Adelaide) bearing her name.

Christmas Hampers

[*To the Editor of* THE BYSTANDER.]

69, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

SIR,—May I once again ask the courtesy of your columns to remind your generous readers of the distribution of Christmas hampers and clothing to poor crippled children in the Metropolis. Every year for the last sixteen years I have, by the kind permission of the Corporation, entertained some 1,200 poor children in the Guildhall. I hope, as usual, to dispatch the welcome hampers to my little clients on the morning of the day when this annual banquet will again be held. I have received the undermentioned letter from Lieut.-Colonel Sir William Carington, by which it will be seen that His Majesty the King is graciously pleased to continue the subscription to the fund, which it is my privilege to bring to the annual notice of the public.

Marlborough House, Pall Mall, S.W.
October 11, 1910.

DEAR SIR WILLIAM TRELOAR,—In reply to your letter of the 3rd inst., addressed to Sir Arthur Bigge, I am commanded to inform you that the King has been graciously pleased to continue the subscription of ten guineas a year towards the fund you raise to provide Christmas hampers for the crippled children.—Yours faithfully, (Signed) W. CARINGTON.

Donations may be sent as heretofore to me, addressed "Little Cripples' Christmas Hamper and Clothing Fund."—I am, sir, yours truly, W. P. TRELOAR.

"The Premier Foods of their Class."
See Medical Times, June 26, 1909.

PLASMON COCOA
PERFECTION OF FLAVOUR. 9d. per tin
"MUCH greater nutritive value than ordinary Cocoa."
—*British Medical Journal*, Feb. 19, 1910.

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—*Sir J. C.———, M.D.*

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3. No Metal Can Touch You.
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5. *In White, Black, Green, Navy, Sky, Grey, Brown, or Lavender.*
6. See "Paris" inside the Pad.
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(Who supply Wholesale only)